# MISSION SONGS:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND MUSIC,

DESIGNED FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By E. FOBES.

PREPARED FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND S. S. UNION.

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BOSTON:
HEATH & GRAVES, No. 79 CORNHILL.
1855.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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# PREFACE.

The Elementary Principles of music are omitted entirely; because they are seldom or never used. It not being the object of Sabbath Schools to teach music as a *science*.

All tunes and melodies, which, from their peculiar construction, or from association, are purely secular, are avoided; and much care is taken to present tunes whose melodic arrangement is within the reach of such voices as are usually called upon to *lead;* and at the same time attractive enough to be easily learned and remembered by the young warm hearts for whom they are designed.

Much care has been taken in the *selection* of poetry, and many thanks are due to the American Sunday School Union, and the New England Sabbath School Union, for the use of many of their beautiful and appropriate hymns.

The music has been composed and selected expressly for the *words;* and it will have accomplished its legitimate object only so far as it aids and assists in understanding and retaining the meaning of the words used. E. F.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
EDWIN FOBES,
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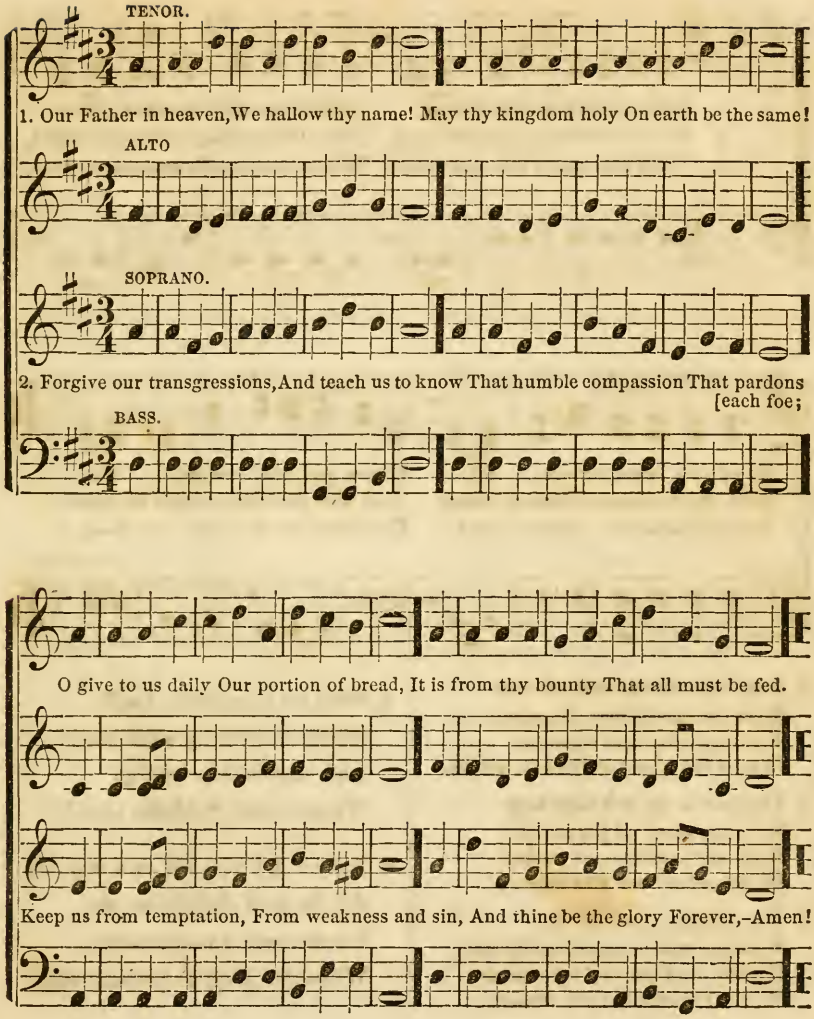
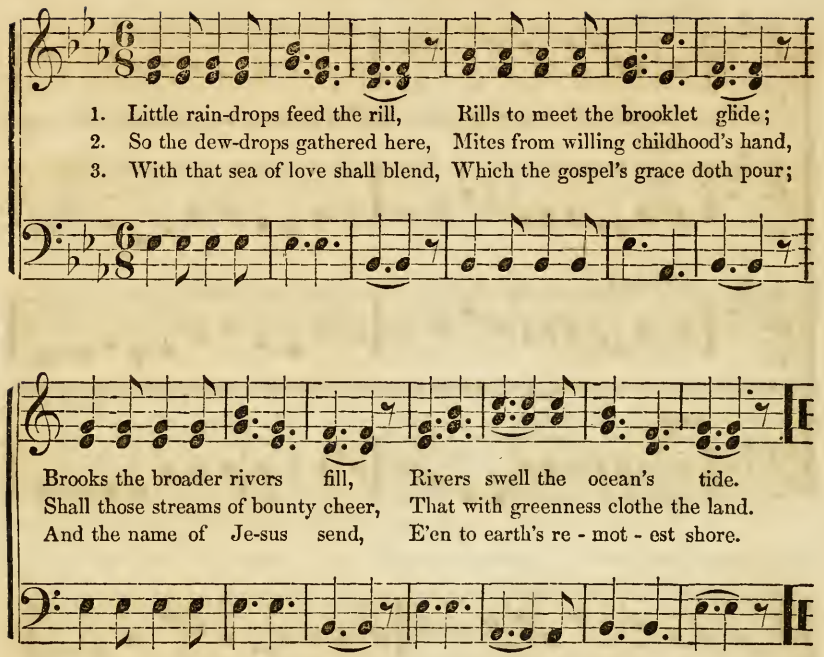
A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.


TENOR.
1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy On earth be the same!
ALTO
SOPRANO.
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble compassion That pardons [each foe;
BASS.
O give to us daily Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.
Keep us from temptation, From weakness and sin, And thine be the glory Forever,-Amen!




1 Soon will set the Sabbath sun
Soon the sacred day be gone;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Seeming much of joy to tell;
Kind our teachers are to-day,
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where Immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5 Yes:— that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see,
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

**4** 7s.

1 God of mercy hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given,
Let them all thy blessings share—
Grace on earth and peace in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days,
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thy ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer—in mercy hear.

---

**5** 7s.

1 Jesus, see a little child,
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.

2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour, guide us by thy grace."

3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee, in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.

4 Jesus, all my sins forgive;
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art!

**6** 7s.

1 Saviour, may a little child
Th rough thy grace be reconciled,
Who can feel indeed, within,
Much of evil, much of sin?

2 Yes; thou saidst, and that's my plea,
"Suffer them to come to me;
Turn no little child away,
Heaven is filled with such as they."

3 Saviour! to thine arms I fly,
Ere my childhood passes by;
In thy fear my years be passed,
Whether first, or midst, or last.

---

**7** 7s.

1 See the lovely blooming flower,
Fade and wither in an hour;
So our transient comforts fly,
Pleasure only blooms to die.

2 See the leaves are falling fast,
Scattered by the wint'ry blast;
So our youthful pleasures fade,
Cares will soon our breasts invade.

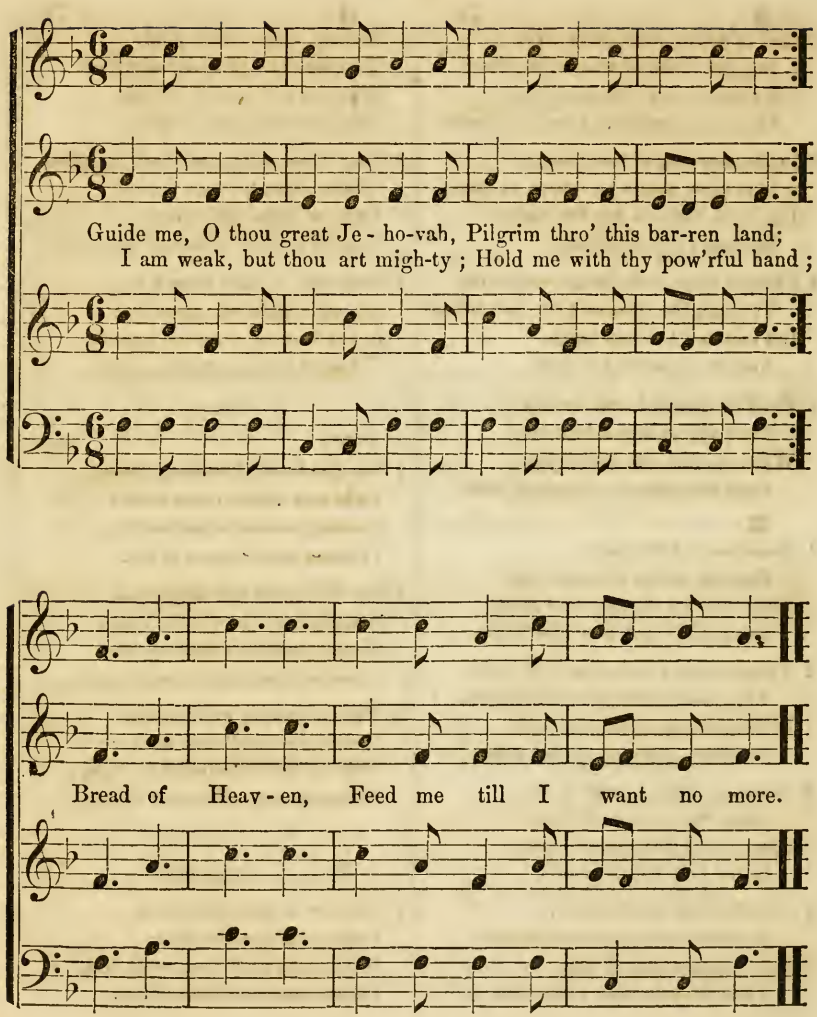
3 Time is passing swift away;
Earthly joys will soon decay;
May we have, prepared on high,
Pleasures that will never die.

---

**8** DOXOLOGY. 7s.

1 Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# PILGRIM. 8, 7 & 4.


Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but thou art migh-ty ; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Thou of death and hell the conqueror,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

---

**9** 8, 7 & 4.

1 Thou, who didst with love and blessing
Gather Zion's babes to thee;
Still a Saviour's love expressing,
These, the babes of Zion see;
Bless the labors,
That would bring them up for thee.

2 Smile upon the weak endeavor
Vain, if thou thy smile deny:
Lo! they rise,—to live for ever!
Train, O train them for the sky!
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Let no self-applauding feeling,
Nought of praise from mortals won,
O'er the heart infectious stealing,
Poison what our hands have done;
Raise the motives,
Sink the pride of every one.

4 Love to thee, and pure affection
For the lambs that need a fold,
These should give our zeal direction,
And prevent its growing cold;
Or support us,
E'en if blessing thou withhold.

5 Yet, with humble fervor bending,
We that blessing would entreat;
In the infant heart descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion,
Turn the young inquirer's feet.

6 Then, when long we both have slumbered,
Side by side, in common dust,
With thy ransomed people numbered,
With the assembly of the just;
Child and teacher,
Saviour! own our humble trust.

---

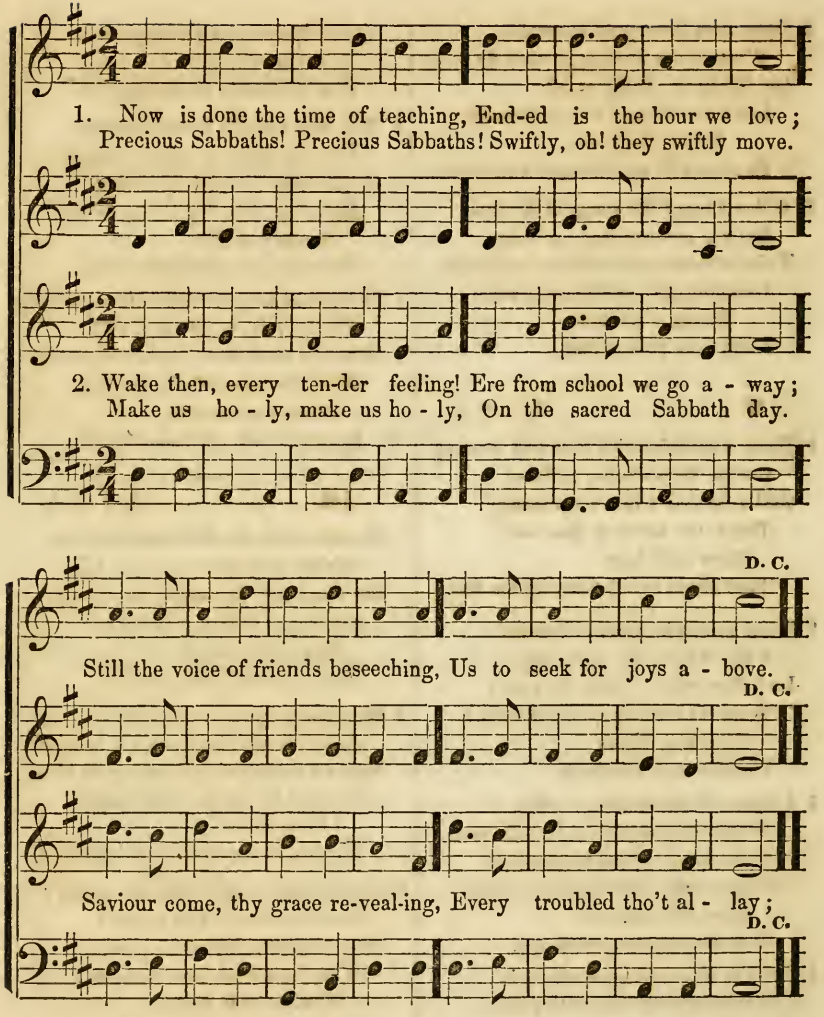
**10** 8, 7 & 4.

1 Sinners, hear, for God hath spoken,
'Tis the God that reigns on high;
He whose law the world has broken
Sends you tidings of great joy!
Hear his message,
Hear it, sinners, lest you die.

2 Hear the gospel, sinners, hear it,
Joyful news from heaven it brings:
Here's a fountain—O draw near it!—
Opened by the King of kings:
Living water
Thence, in streams eternal, springs.

3 Sinners, hear—why will you perish?
Death to life, O why prefer?
Why your vain delusions cherish?
Why from truth persist to err?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

# CHARLOTTE. 8, 7s & 4.



**11** 8, 7 & 4.

1 Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through;
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

2 Young in years,—we need the wisdom
Which can only come from thee;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see,—
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.

3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

4 Praise and blessing, power and glory
Will we render, Lord, to thee;
For the news of thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea,—
All the nations,
Joyfully, shall worship Thee.

---

**12** 8, 7 & 4.

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart my grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

---

**13** 8, 7 & 4.

1 Through another year conducted,
Unto thee our song we raise;
For thy wide unbounded kindness,
Thee, we humbly join to praise;
Lord, assist us
Still to walk in wisdom's ways!

2 While again we bow before thee,
Using here the means of grace;
While in worship we adore thee,
In this oft frequented place,
Oh! permit us
To behold the Saviour's face!

3 While the word of life is taught us,
May thy Spirit, Lord, descend;
Thus enlivened, thus distinguished,
May this year in mercy end;
And Jehovah
Be our everlasting Friend.

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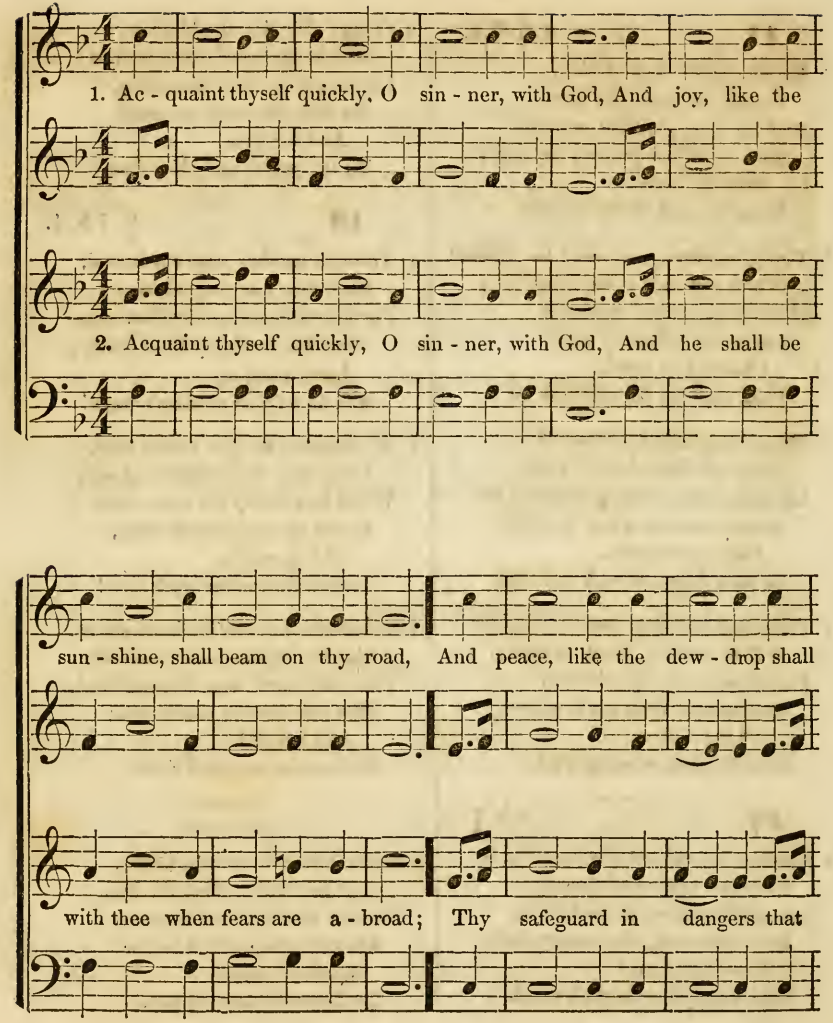
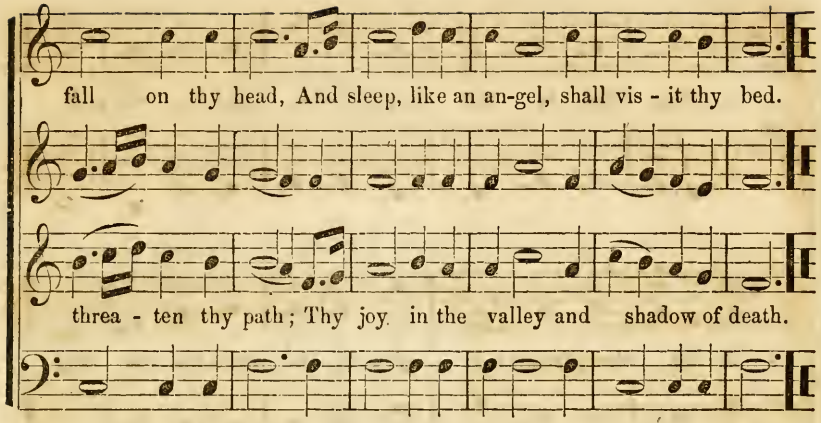
DOXOLOGY.

1 Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, three in one.


1. Ac - quaint thyself quickly, O sin - ner, with God, And joy, like the
2. Acquaint thyself quickly, O sin - ner, with God, And he shall be
sun - shine, shall beam on thy road, And peace, like the dew - drop shall
with thee when fears are a - broad; Thy safeguard in dangers that




1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how can'st thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

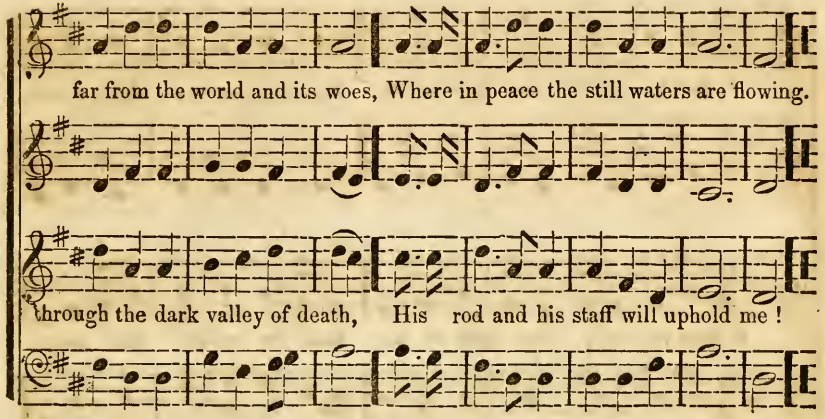
5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What pow'r, then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid!

1. The Lord is my shepherd; he makes me re - pose

2. He strengthens my spir - it, he shows me the way

Where the pas - tures in beauty are grow - ing; He leads me a -

Where the arms of his love shall en - fold me; And when I walk



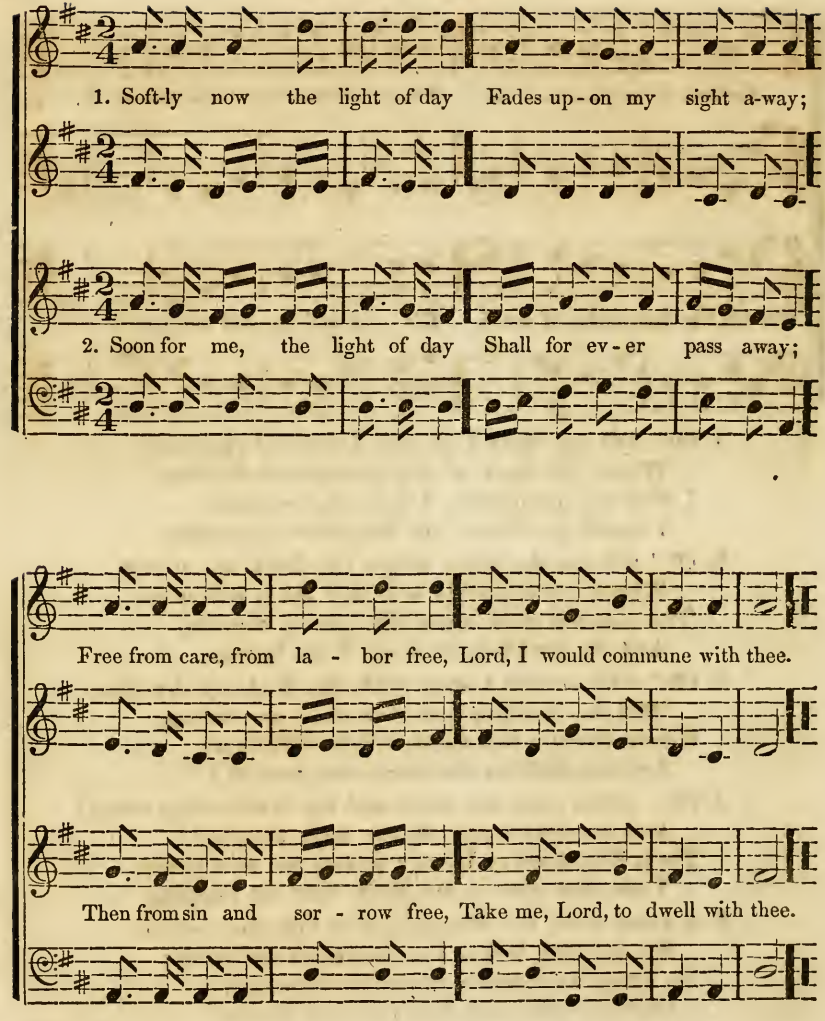

1 Oh ! tell me, thou Life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh ! tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing ?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 Oh ! why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where afflictions,
And temptations their ruin are proving ?

4 Oh ! when shall my woes and my wanderings cease ?
And the follies that fill me with weeping !
Thou Shepherd of Israel ! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
Oh ! fair one now homeward be flying !


1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way;
2. Soon for me, the light of day Shall for ev-er pass away;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.
Then from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

**19** 7s.

1 Lord, before thy throne we stand,
Once again thy children see;
Smile upon this youthful band,
Suffer us to come to thee.

2 Whither else should children go,
Weak and impotent as we?
Thou hast all things to bestow,
Suffer us to come to thee.

3 While we here have life and breath,
This our constant prayer should be,
This our latest sigh in death,—
Suffer us to come to thee.

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**20** 7s.

1 Every sheaf of golden grain
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.

2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
Nobler thanks for richer food;
Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

3 Lord, with these, thy favors, give
Hearts to serve thee while we live;
Till we reap, where Jesus is,
Harvests of immortal bliss.

---

**21** 7s.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound—
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

---

**22** 7s.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

---

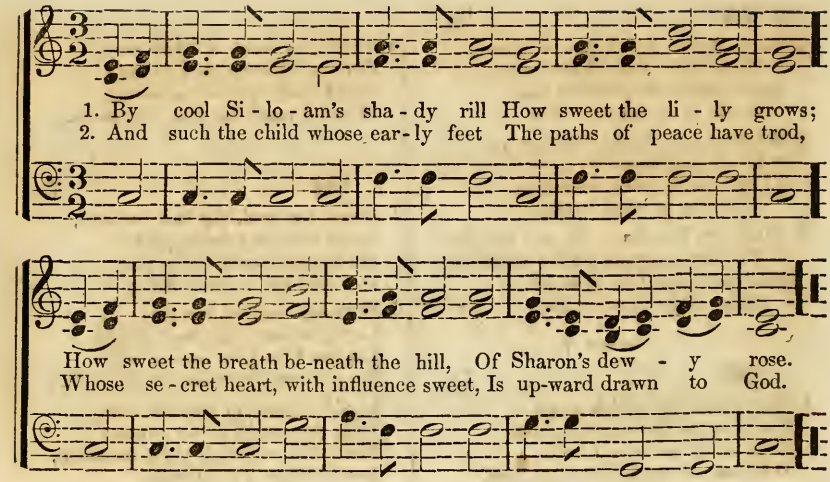
**23** 7s.

1 Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
Children, come! it seems to say,
Give your hearts to me to-day.

2 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrows free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

3 Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

4 Now to thee, O Lord! we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us thy grace divine;
Touch our hearts, and make them thine




3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thy own.

## 25 C. M.

1 When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And when I pray, or sing,
I'm often thinking, all the while,
About some other thing.

3 O! let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

4 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

---

## 26 C. M.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng,
And kindly listen, while we sing,
Our grateful morning song.

2 We come to own the power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this, our cheerful voices join,
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way,
Which leads to heaven and thee.

5 Whene'er the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymns of praise,
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

## 27 C. M.

1 God of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise;
Thine acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And woke from sweet repose.

4 O! let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

---

## 28 C. M.

1 How beautiful the setting sun!
The clouds how bright and gay!
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they!

2 And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night!

3 And can it be I am possess'd
Of something brighter far?
Glows there a light within this breast,
Outshining every star?

4 Yes; should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.

# MITCHELL. C. M.

ARR. FROM PSALTERY.
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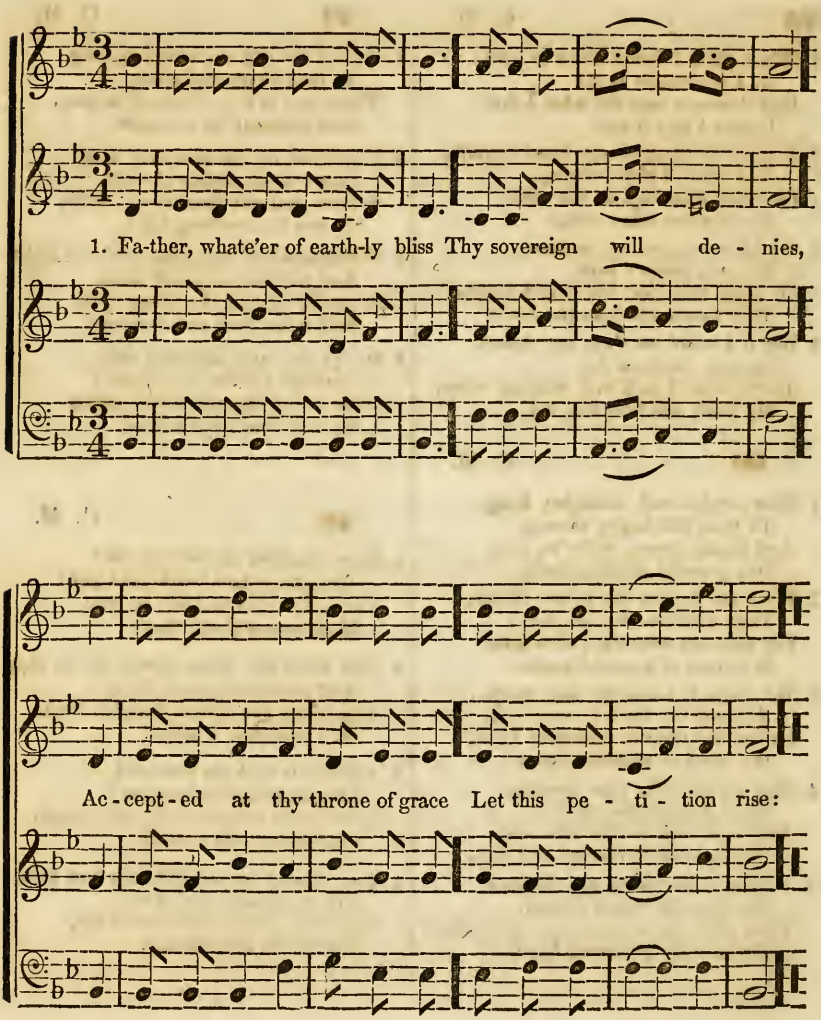


2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

---

**30** C. M.

1 Oh could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

---

**31** C. M.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

---

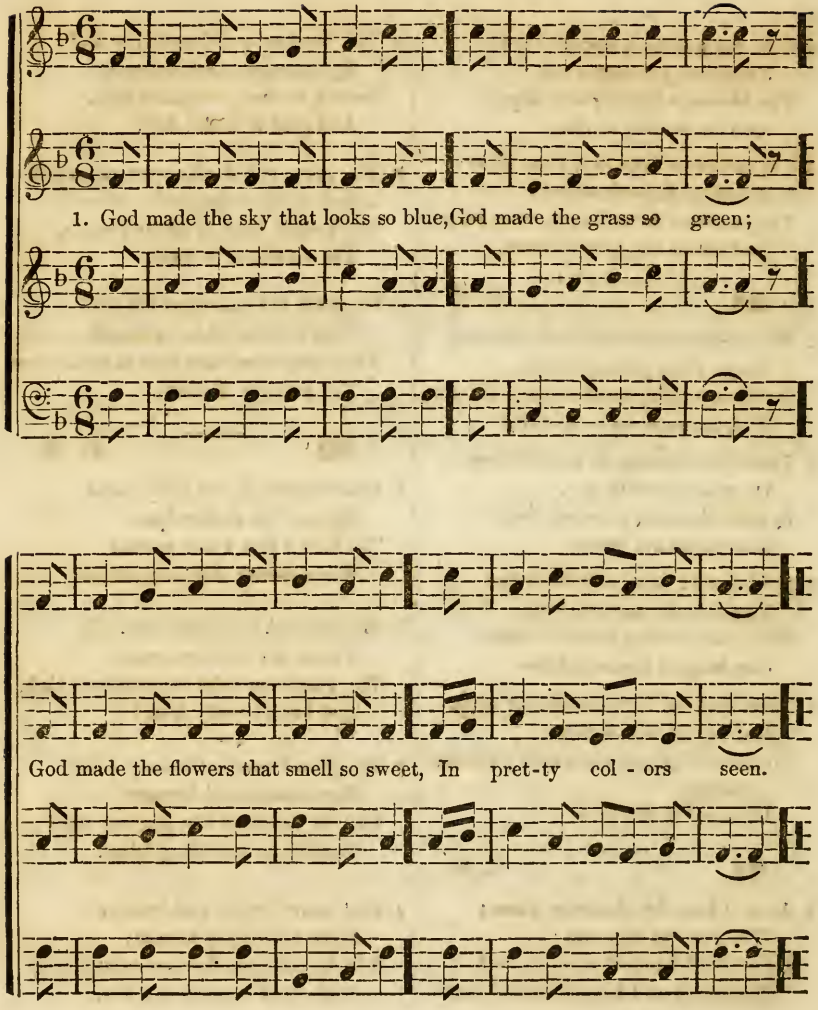
**32** C. M.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.


1. God made the sky that looks so blue, God made the grass so green;
God made the flowers that smell so sweet, In pret-ty col - ors seen.

2 God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us light and heat,
How thankful should we be.

3 God made the pretty bird to fly;
How sweetly has she sung!
And though she soars so very high,
She ne'er forgets her young.

4 God made the cow to give me milk,
The horse for me to use;
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

5 God made the water for my drink;
God made the fish to swim;
God made the trees to bear me fruit;
Oh how should I love him!

---

**34** C. M.

1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow:
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

---

**35** C. M.

1 It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

2 Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea, the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue [sky;
'Twas God that made them all.

3 He guards me with a parent's care,
When I am all alone;
My hymn of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

4 God hears what I am saying now,
O! what a wond'rous thought!
My heavenly Father teach me how
To love thee as I ought.

---

**36** C. M.

1 When children give their hearts to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

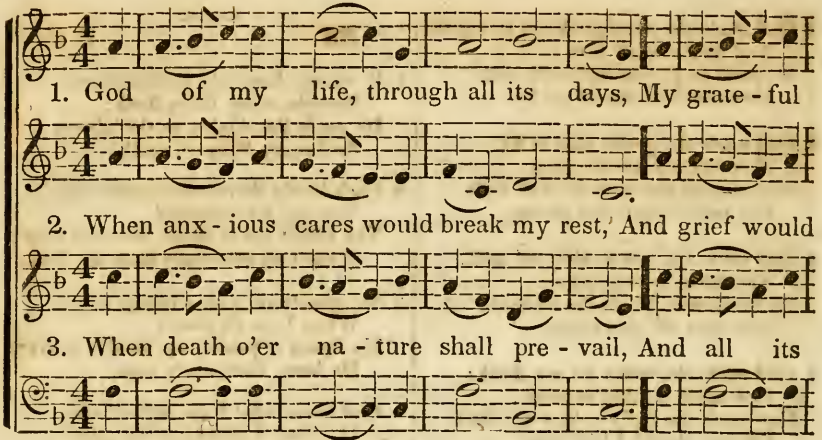
2 'Tis better far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened by their crimes.

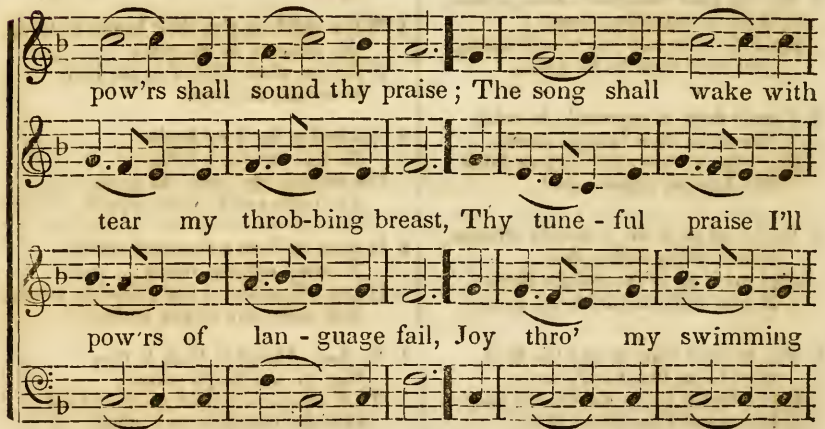
3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

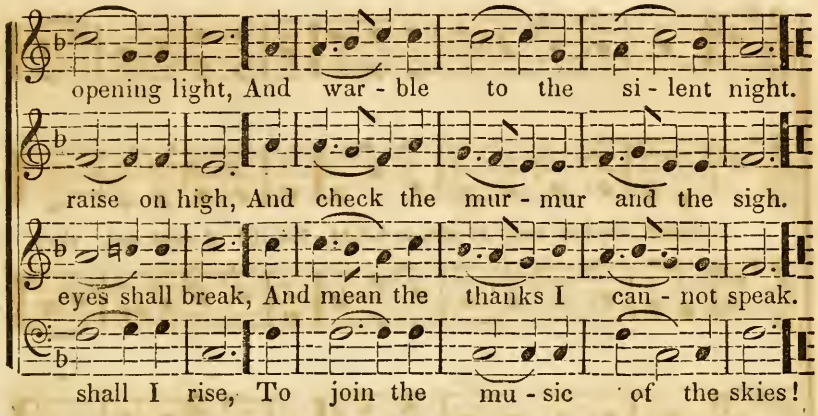
4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our best days were thine.

## GERMANIA. L. M.

Ar. from the German.






**38** L. M.

1 The flow'ry spring at God's command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
Thro' all her coasts, redundant stores:
And waters, soften'd by his care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

4 And oh, may each harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown the praise prolong;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

---

**39** L. M.

1 Awake my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who has all power above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand, thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

3 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

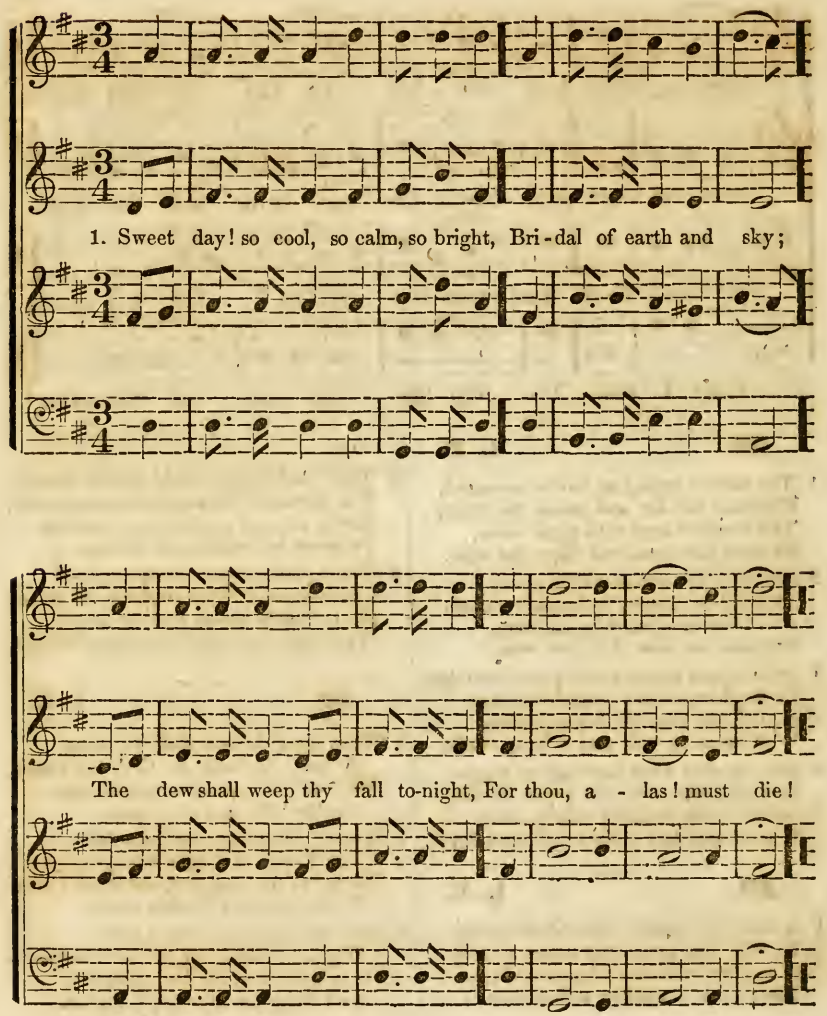
---

**40** L. M.

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name.

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and [died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.


1. Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, Bri-dal of earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou, a - las! must die!

**42** C. M.

2 Sweet rose! in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye,
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet spring! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie,
Thy days depart, thy roses fade;
Thou, too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

---

**43** C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view,
Of brighter scenes in heaven,
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

---

**44** C. M.

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart,
A taste of joys divine.

---

**45** C. M.

1 Great God, we would to thee make
Each fond, maternal care; [known
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 We ask not wealth, long life, or fame,
Or aught the world can give,
May they but glorify thy name,
And to thy honor live.

3 This is the burden of our prayer,—
When from our bosoms riven,
May they be objects of thy care,
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

---

**46** C. M.

1 Our feeble voices, Lord, we raise,
Before thy gracious throne;
O! tune our hearts to sing thy praise,
For all thy mercies shown.

2 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,
The Saviour's name to love;
And form us by almighty grace
For nobler praise above.

## MILETUS. C. M.

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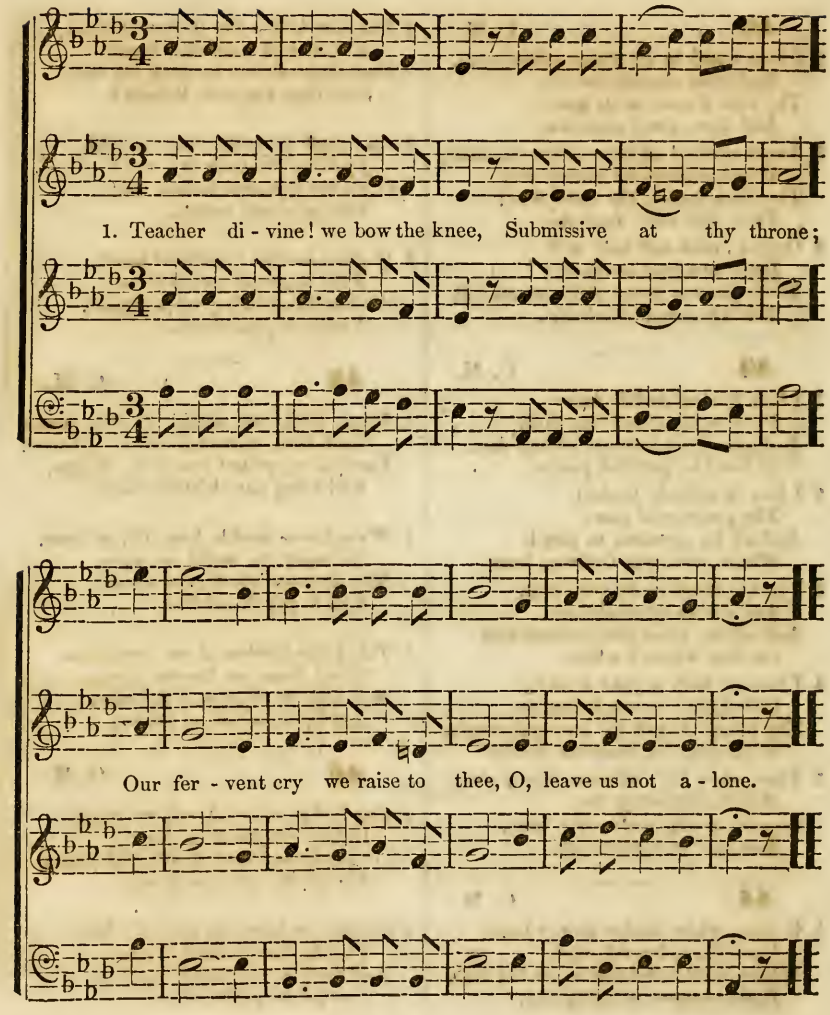


2 In vain we teach, unless thy grace
Instruct each tender heart;
Then deign to hear, hide not thy face,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart.

3 And may the sacred tie of love
Bind us together here,
A foretaste give of joys above,
Life's pilgrimage to cheer.

4 Thus, while on earth, we would adore;
When death shall close our eyes,
May teachers, children, meet once more,
Transplanted to the skies.

---

**48** C. M.

1 Almighty Father, heavenly King!
Who rules the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

2 To thee, each morning, when we rise,
Our early vows we pay;
And e'er the night hath closed our eyes
We thank thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word hath given;
That children, such as we, may find
The path that leads to heaven.

4 O Lord, extend thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land
Where dwells eternal truth.

---

**49** C. M.

1 We come our Sabbath hymn to raise,
Our humble prayer to pour;
One voice is hushed, its notes of praise
Shall mingle here no more.

2 The lips are still,—the eye is dim
That beamed with joy and love;
The spirit,—it hath gone to Him
Who gave it from above.

3 We will not weep,—for Jesus said,
"Let little children come,"
But pray that our young hearts be led
To seek that better home.

---

**50** C. M.

1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat,
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let endless thanks, O God, be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

---

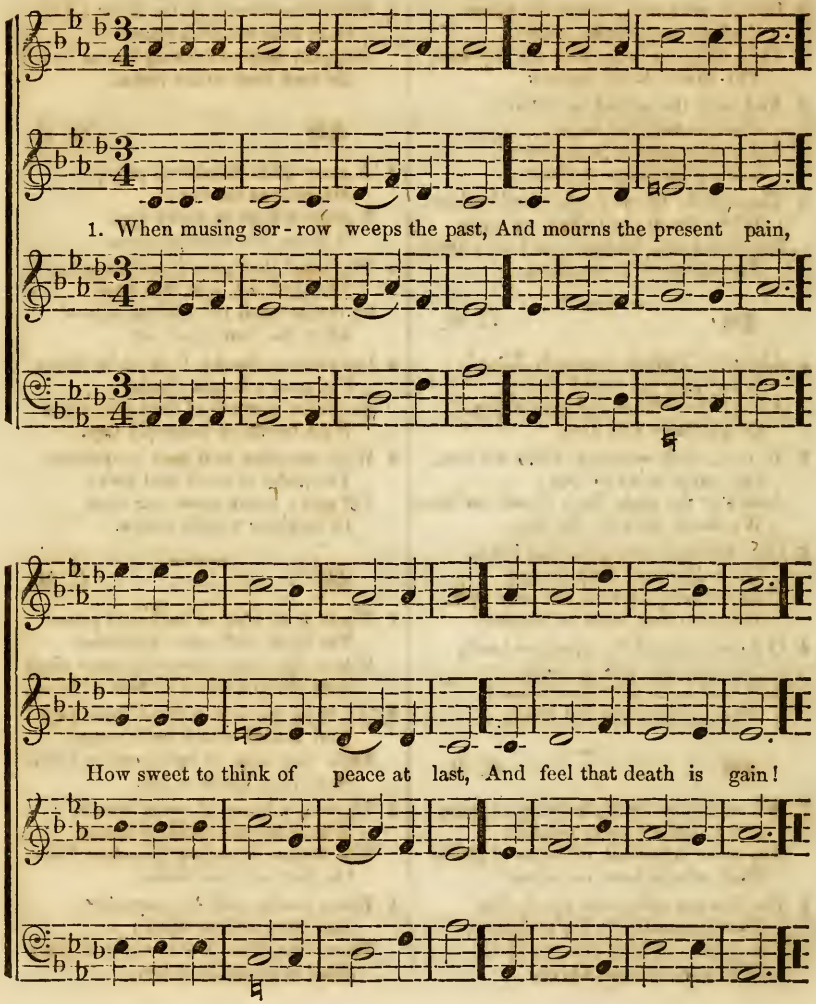
**51** C. M.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with care oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.


1. When musing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise;
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardor glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

---

**53** C. M.

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul!
On thee, when sorrows rise,—
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

5 No!—still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
Oh! may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

**54** C. M.

1 O thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart,
A taste of joys divine.

---

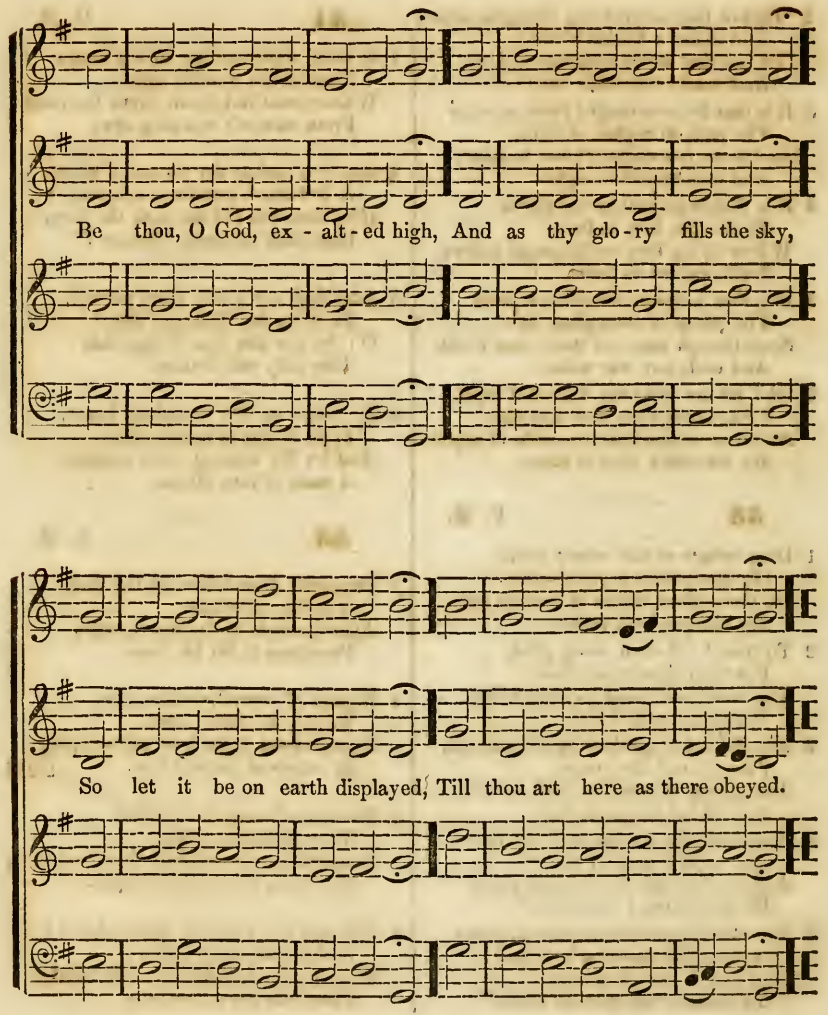
**55** C. M.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus! at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy-seat,
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless current flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.


Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high, And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

**56** L. M.

1 Eternal source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

---

**57** L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set to rise no more.

---

**58** L. M.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**59** L. M.

1 Command thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confest;
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest.

---

**60** L. M.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

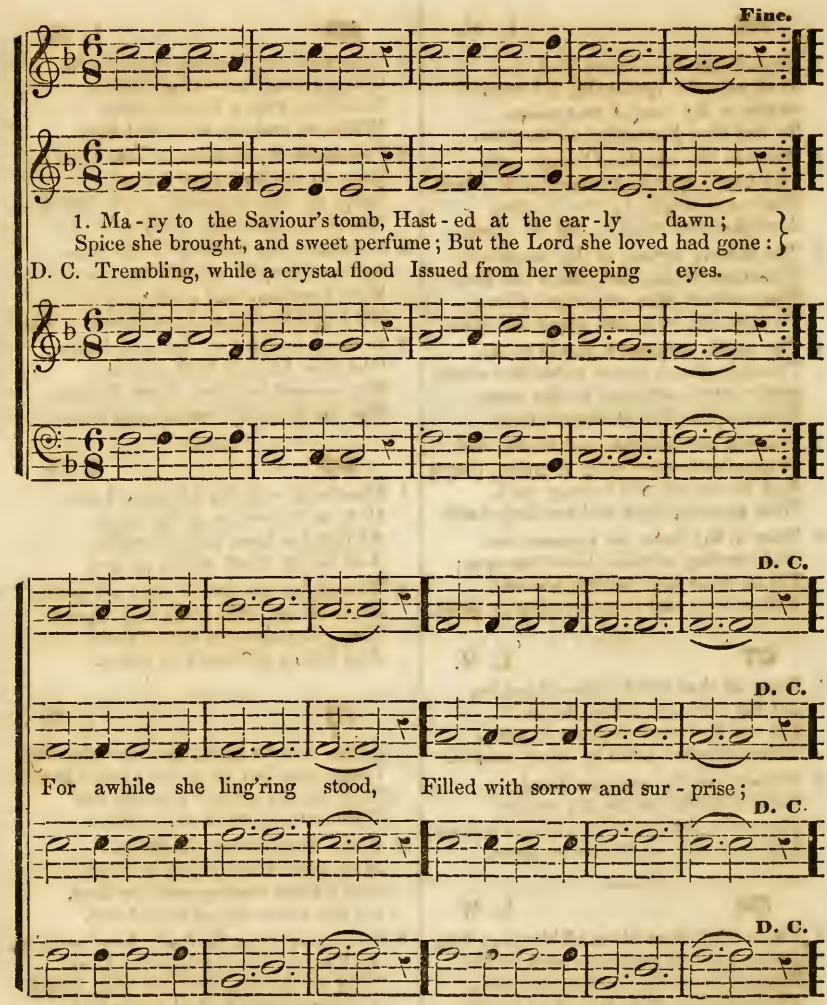
---

**61** L. M.

1 Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our tho'ts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine,
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.


Fine.
1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone:
D. C. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.
D. C.
D. C.
For awhile she ling'ring stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise;
D. C.
D. C.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

---

**63** 7s.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sins;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Raise to all eternity.

**64** 7s.

1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load:
Jesus calls the wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God:
Come, ye guilty souls oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all.

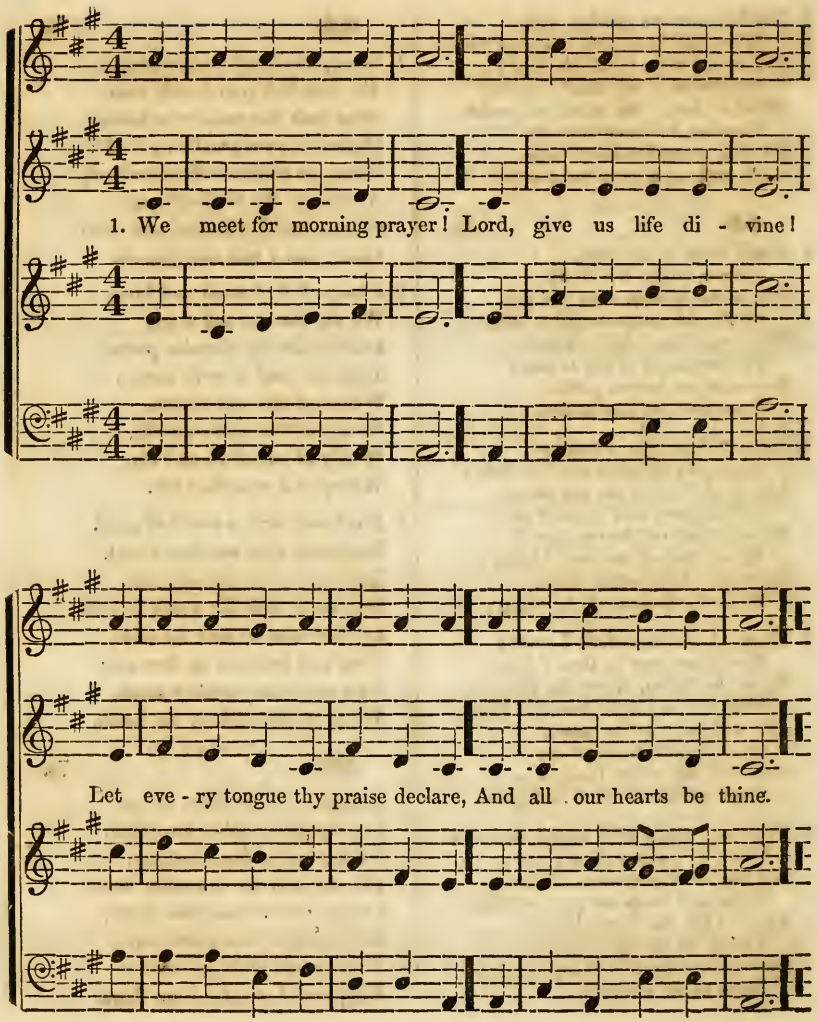
2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God,
Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

---

**65** 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit—love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for I am thine.


1. We meet for morning prayer! Lord, give us life di - vine!
Let eve - ry tongue thy praise declare, And all our hearts be thine.

2 Hark! the sweet anthems rise
Where pagan altars stand;
The swelling chorus mounts the skies
From every pagan land.

3 While glad hosannas ring
From desert, rock, and sea;
The heathen tribes their children bring,
And give them, Lord, to thee.

---

**67** S. M.

1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.

4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

---

**68** S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given;
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.



**69** S. M.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives thee power to praise.

---

**70** S. M.

1 The freshly blooming flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossoms of all nature's flowers
Would please our Father less.

---

**71** S. M.

1 Once more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Lord, may we love thy word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to learn thy holy will,
And practise what we know.

# MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

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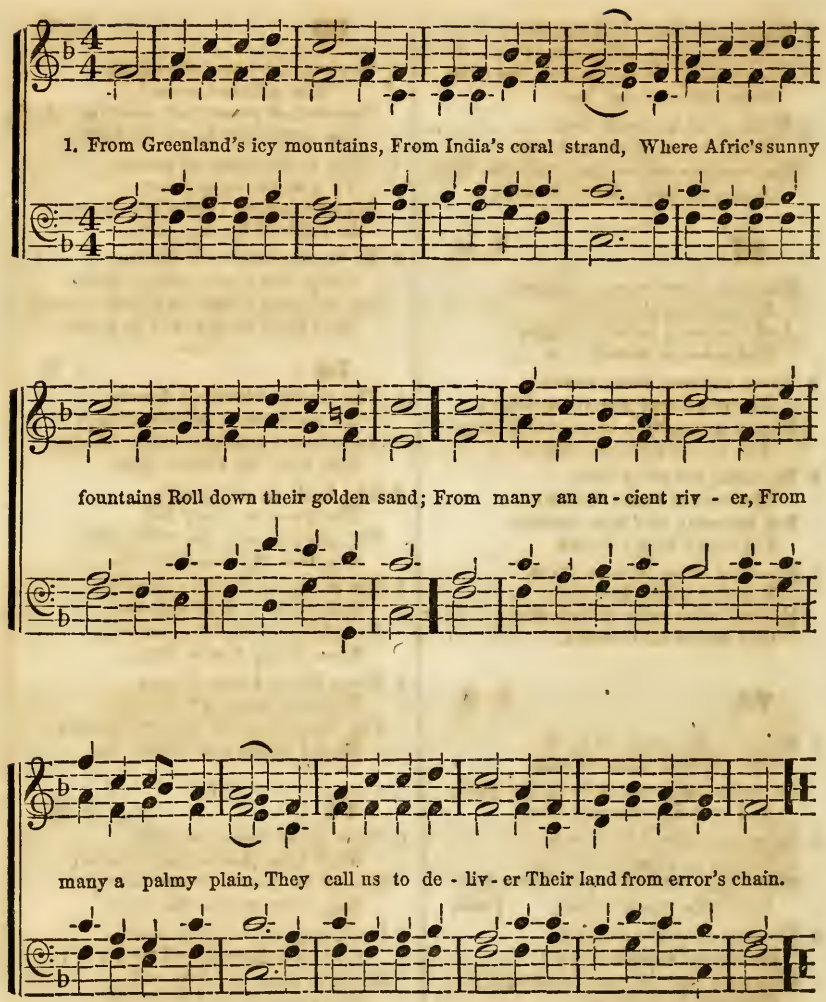

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

---

**73** 7s & 6s.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail to the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away trasgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shade like Lebanon.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love.

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**74** 7s & 6s.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

## HAMBURG. L. M.

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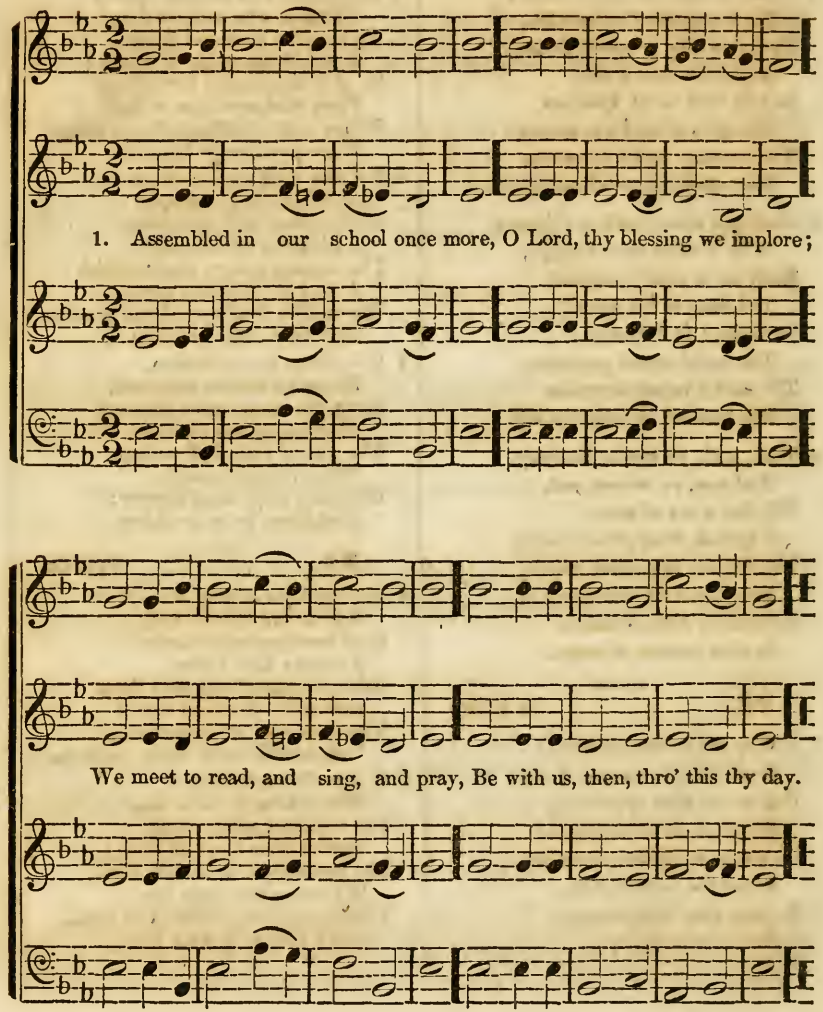

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

---

**76** L. M.

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late!

---

**77** L. M.

1 Thy healing Spirit, Lord, impart—
Refine, and sanctify my heart;
And with reflected beauty fair,
Impress thy sacred image there.

2 Oh, train me for the seats of rest,
Where, in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

**78** L. M.

1 When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there;
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer!

2 O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 O think upon thy holy word,
And every precious promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory 'tis to spare.

4 Remember not my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

---

**79** L. M.

1 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, my wandering soul, return,
The dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

## HEBRON. L. M.

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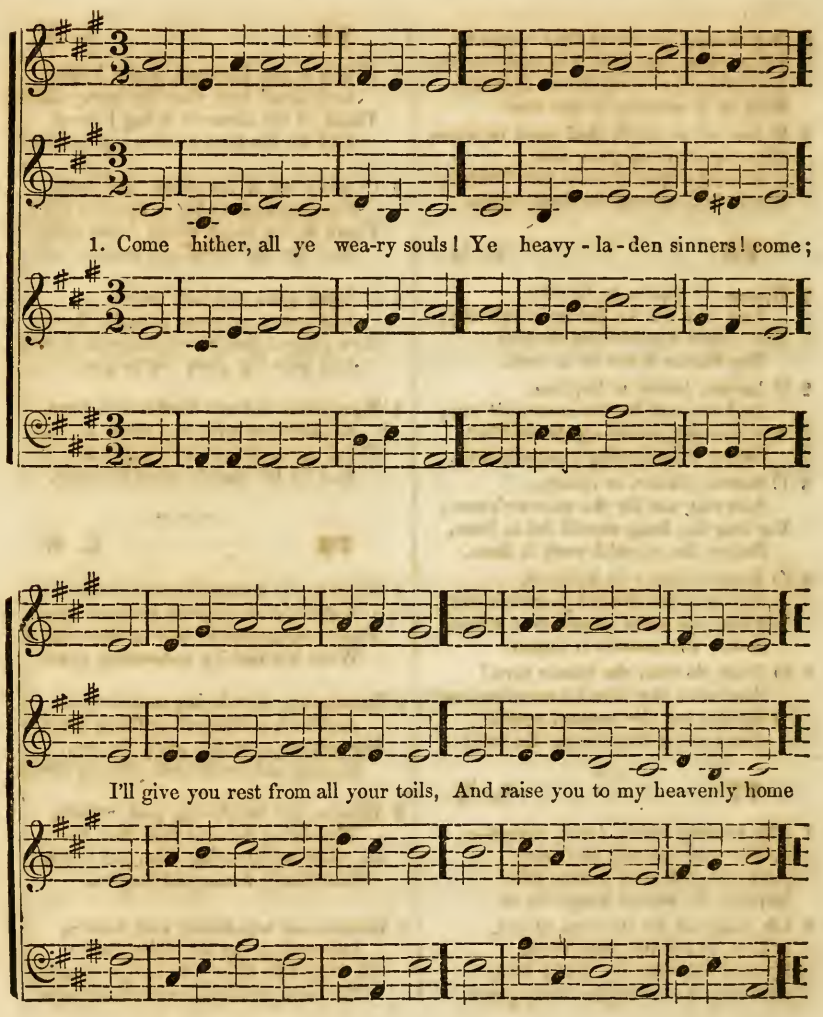

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight!
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus! we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

---

## 81 L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

---

## 82 L. M.

1 Father, once more let grateful praise
And humble prayer to thee ascend;
Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,
Our first, and last, and only Friend.

2 Since every day and hour that's gone
Has been with mercy richly crowned;
Mercy, we know, shall still flow on
For ever sure, as time rolls round.

3 Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,
And bind our hearts in love alone;
Though we may meet on earth no more,
May we at last surround thy throne.

---

## 83 L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

---

## 84 L. M.

1 When I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

2 His name is God! he gave me birth;
And every living thing on earth,
And every tree and plant that grows,
To the same hand its being owes.

3 'Tis he my daily food provides,
And all that I require besides;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for he is nigh.

4 Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above;
For very kind indeed is he,
To love a little child like me.

## OLMUTZ. S. M.

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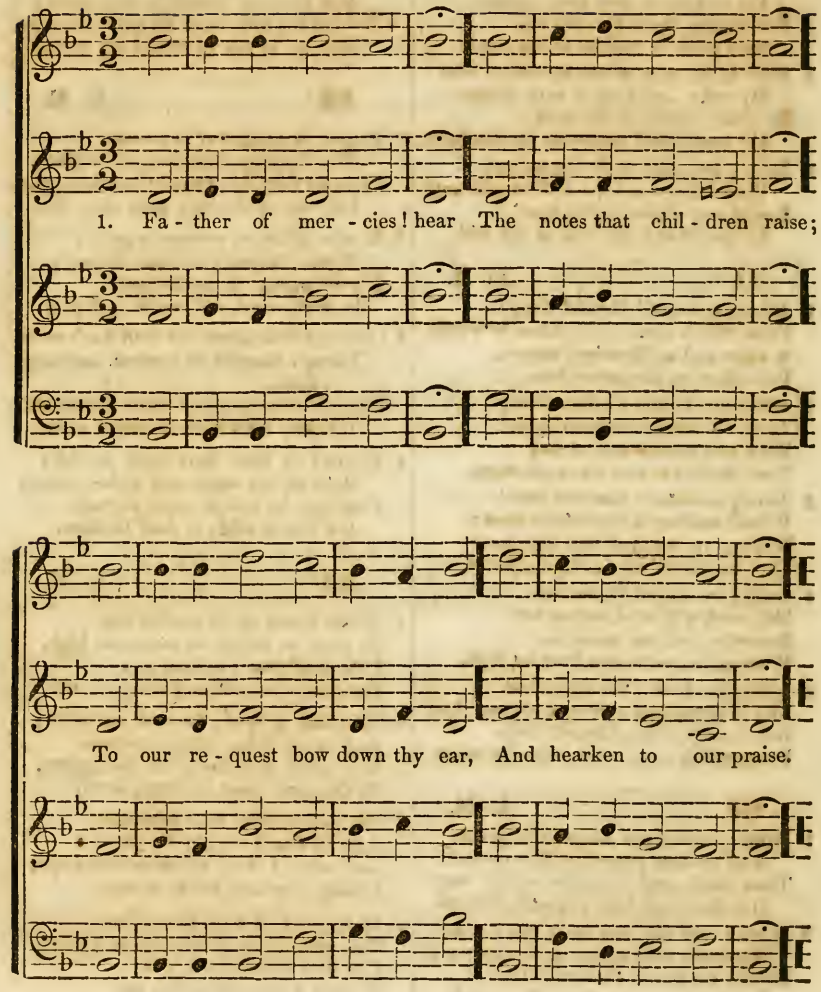

2 Within our hearts, the seed
Of sacred truth is sown;
But, Lord! the blessing that we need
Must come from thee alone.

3 Thou dost the seed prepare,
And make it spring when sown;
And if a hundred-fold it bear,
The praise is all thy own.

4 Then, though the sower weep,
Ere long, with thankful voice,
Both he who sows and they who reap
Together shall rejoice.

---

**86** S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
From sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

---

**87** S. M.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above:
And spread abroad, o'er all thou see'st,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

---

**88** S. M.

1 With humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray:
O, bring me now, while I am young,
To thee, the living way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 O, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this thro' all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

---

**89** S. M.

1 And shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

2 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

3 And shall not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes—though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

## BOYLSTON. S. M.

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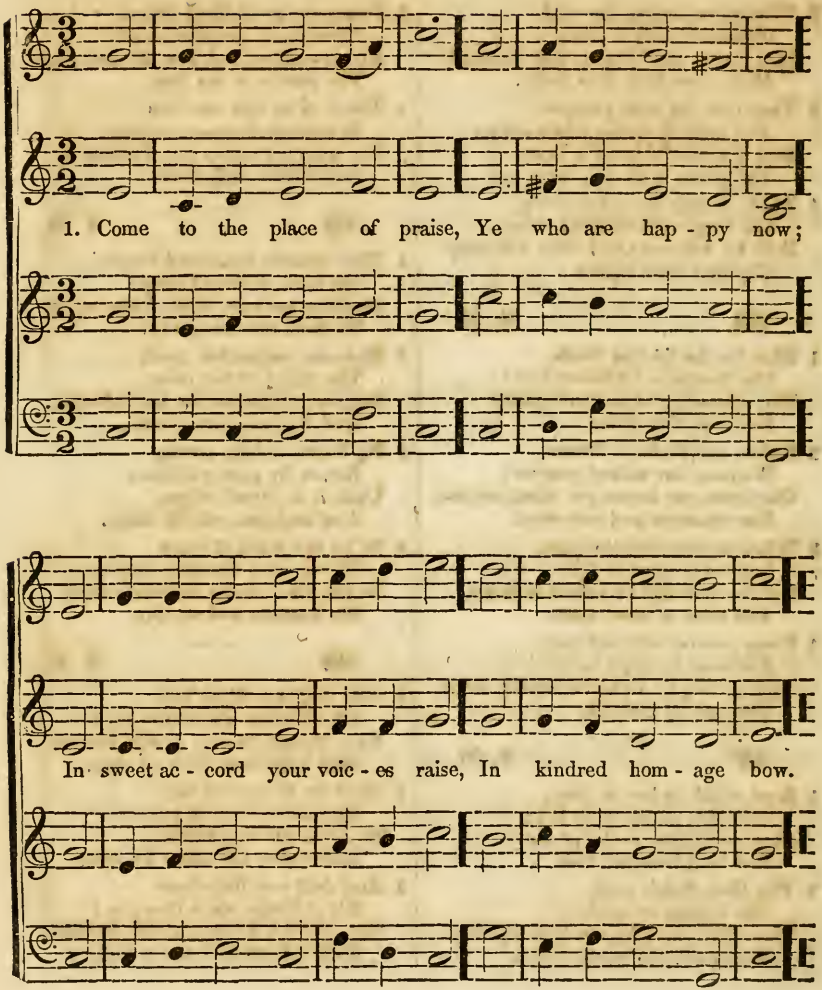


2 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

4 Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

---

**91** S. M

1 Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

---

**92** S. M.

1 Glory to God on high,
Let peace on earth abound;
Ye angels shout through all the sky,
And men repeat the sound.

2 Jesus appear'd on earth,
Not as a prince or king;
He came, a child of humble birth,
Good will and peace to bring.

3 The young received his love,
His blessing and his care,
And now he reigns supreme above,
His tenderest feelings share.

4 We come with earnest plea,
O Lord, to seek thy face:
We bring our youthful charge to thee,
That they may taste thy grace.

---

**93** S. M.

1 Ten thousand different flowers
To thee sweet offerings bear;
And cheerful birds in shady bowers
Sing forth thy tender care.

2 The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill;
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim thy wonders still.

3 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

4 These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

5 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing thy praise
In better songs on high.

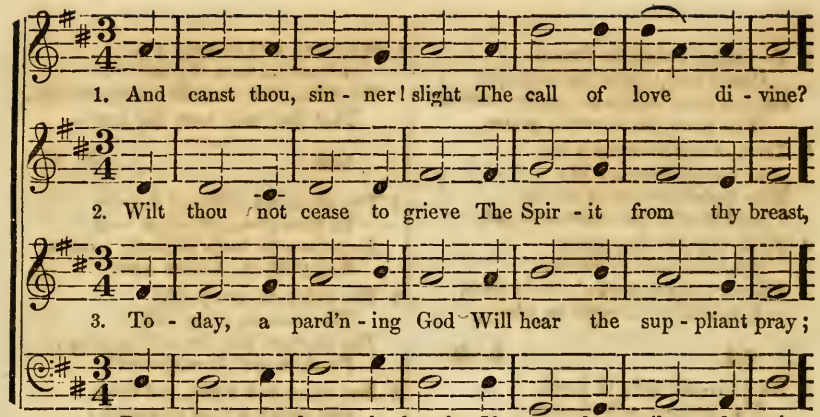
---

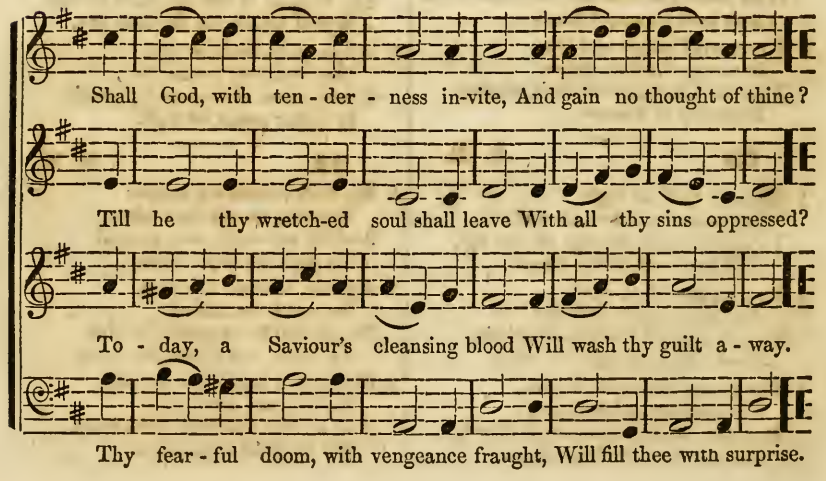
**94** S. M.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.


1. And canst thou, sin - ner! slight The call of love di - vine?
2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve The Spir - it from thy breast,
3. To - day, a pard'n - ing God Will hear the sup - pliant pray;
4. But, grace so dear - ly bought If yet thou wilt de - spise,


Shall God, with ten - der - ness in-vite, And gain no thought of thine?
Till he thy wretch-ed soul shall leave With all thy sins oppressed?
To - day, a Saviour's cleansing blood Will wash thy guilt a - way.
Thy fear - ful doom, with vengeance fraught, Will fill thee with surprise.

## 96 S. M.

1 Sweet is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year;

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh:

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain's tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops:

6 But sweeter far the scene
On Zion's holy hill,
When there the dew of youth is seen
Its freshness to distill.

## 97 S. M.

1 Oh! where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

## 98 S. M.

1 My Maker and my King!
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

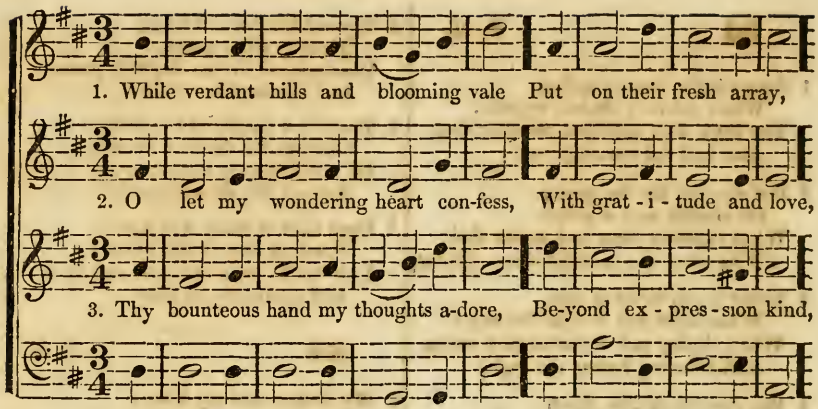
2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

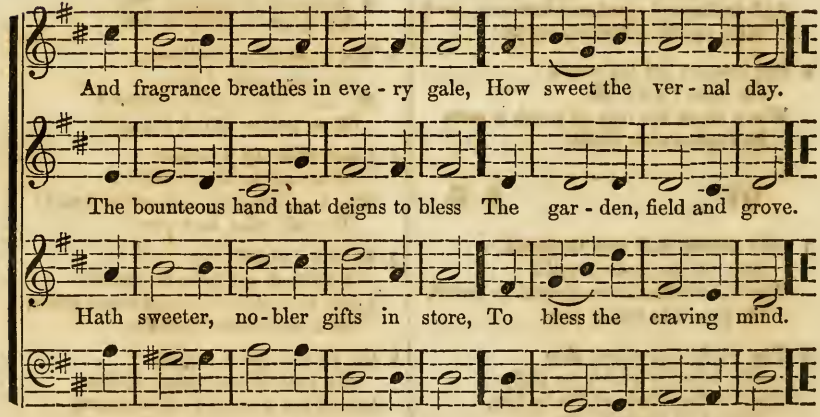
3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.

4 Lord what can I impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

5 Shall I withhold thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 Oh let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.


1. While verdant hills and blooming vale Put on their fresh array,
2. O let my wondering heart con-fess, With grat - i - tude and love,
3. Thy bounteous hand my thoughts a-dore, Be-yond ex - pres - sion kind,
4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine Can make each vir - tue live,


And fragrance breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day.
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless The gar - den, field and grove.
Hath sweeter, no - bler gifts in store, To bless the craving mind.
And kindly showers of grace di - vine, Life, beau - ty, fragrance give.

## 100 C. M.

1 Father of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
When throned above the skies,
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

## 101 C. M.

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous
A stranger's woes to feel; [warmth,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arm,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

## 102 C. M.

1 Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

## 103 C. M.

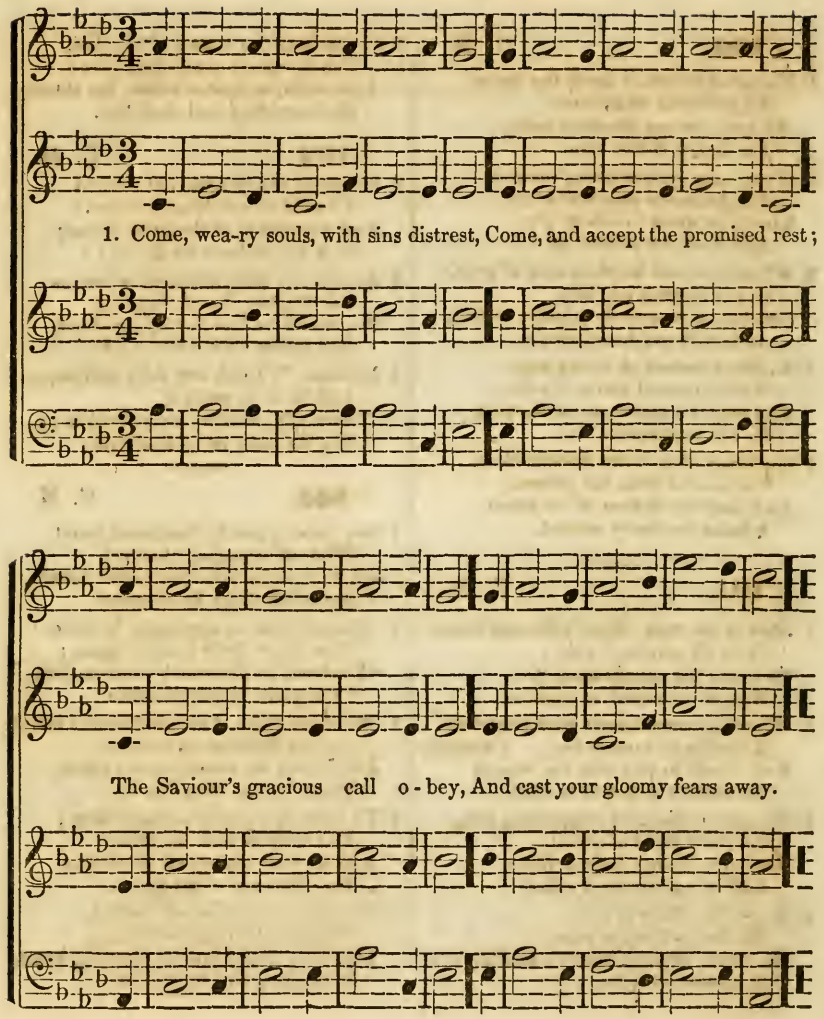
1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Permit them to approach, he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.


1. Come, wea-ry souls, with sins distrest, Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears away.

**104** L. M.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
Oh, come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

---

**105** L. M.

1 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where can I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless sinner, poor!

2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
O thou, prayer-hearing, answering God,
Take from my heart this painful load.

---

**106** L. M.

1 With conscious guilt and bleeding heart,
Near to thy throne of grace I fly;
O! friend of friendless sinners, deign
To hear my penitential cry.

2 My first, my only cry shall be,
"Thy sanctifying grace impart,
And form my soul alike to thee,
And dwell for ever in my heart."

**107** L. M.

1 Why will ye waste, on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart,
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

---

**108** L. M.

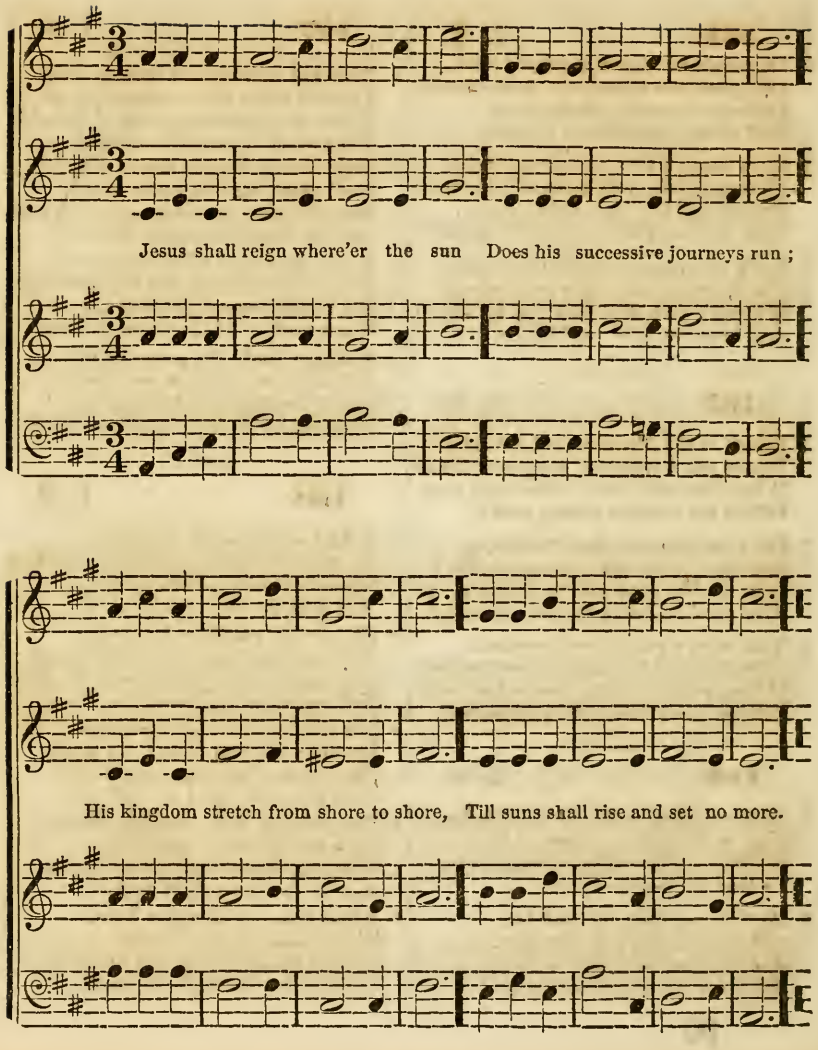
1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks,—has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.


Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## 109 L. M.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## 110 L. M.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!—
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has [run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

## 111 L. M.

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb!
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain—
The prince of peace who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign;
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn

4 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

## 112 L. M.

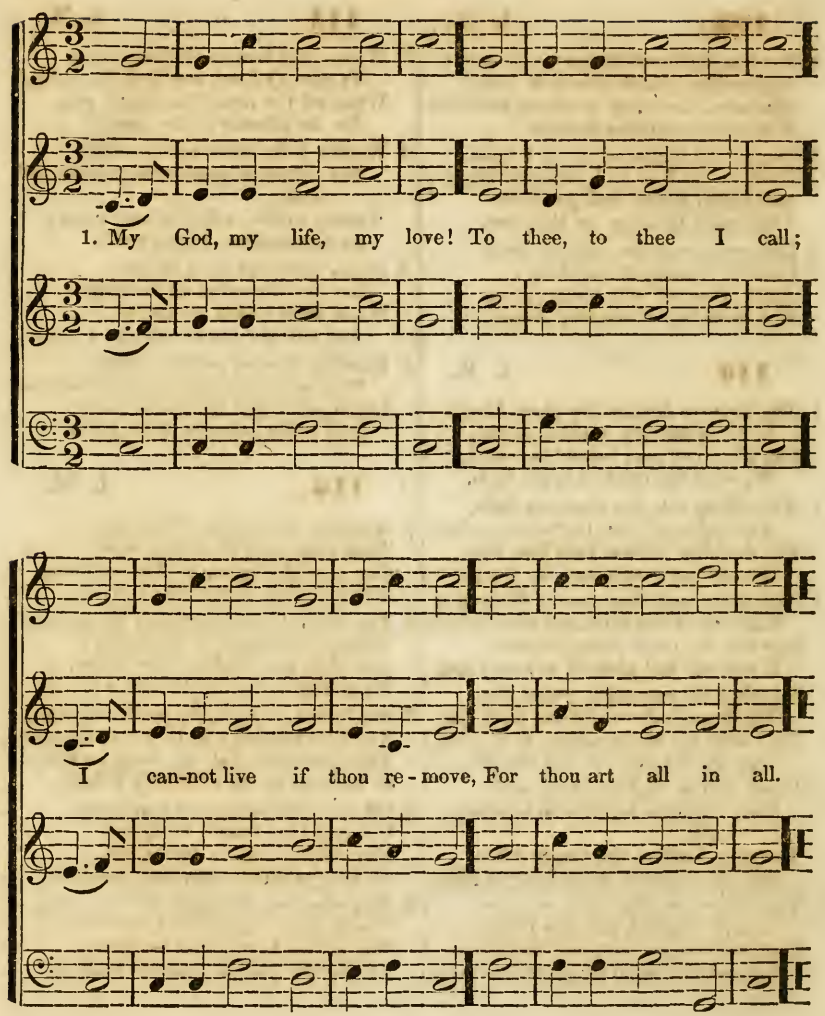
1 Almighty Sovereign of the skies,
Thou only good, thou only wise;
Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,
And hail thee, UNIVERSAL KING.

2 The heav'nly choirs around thy throne,
Attune their harps to thee alone;
And shall we, children here below,
No praises on thy name bestow?

3 Send down, O Lord, thy pow'r and grace,
And fill our hearts with prayer and praise;
Then, ceaseless shall our songs ascend
In anthems to the children's Friend.

4 Oft as at Sabbath-School we meet,
Our scripture lessons to repeat,
May Jesus in our midst appear,
To give us knowledge, love, and fear.

5 And when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
When up to heaven our spirits soar,
May golden harps to us be given,
To sing thy endless praise in heaven.


1. My God, my life, my love! To thee, to thee I call;
I can-not live if thou re-move, For thou art all in all.

## 113 S. M.

2 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord!

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

## 114 S. M.

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock!
And wash their stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,
O Comforter divine;
Now make these children pure in heart,
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend,
O Come this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

## 115 S. M.

1 While my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd, and my guide,
I bid farewell to every fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

## 116 S. M.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

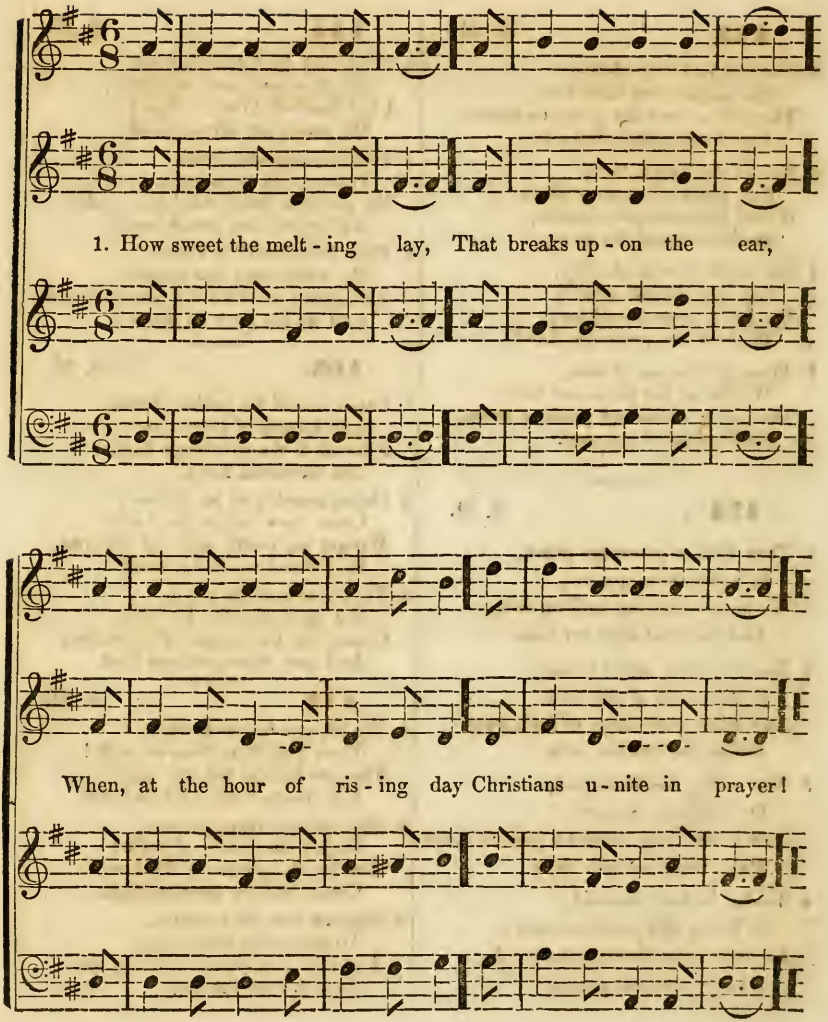
3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

## 117 S. M.

1 We lift our hearts to thee,
Thou Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 Oh! let thy rising beams
Dispel the shades of night;
And let the glories of thy love
Come, like the morning-light.

3 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live, this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.


1. How sweet the melt - ing lay, That breaks up - on the ear,
When, at the hour of ris - ing day Christians u - nite in prayer!

**118** S. M.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their bursting sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning-light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down,
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

---

**119** S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer-God
Unveils the glories of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold thee sit,
And smile on all around.

4 To thee our prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
Oh! listen to our broken sighs,
And grant us all our wants.

5 Give us, O Lord! a place,
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,—
The servants of our God.

**120** S. M.

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

---

**121** S. M.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer,
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

1. Haste, O sin - ner, now be wise; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun:

2. Haste, and mercy now implore; Stay not, Stay not for the morrow's sun:

3. Haste, O sin - ner now re-turn; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun:

4. Haste, O sin - ner now be blest; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun,

Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is it to be won.

Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this even - ing's stage be run.

Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere salva - tion's work is done.

Lest per - di - tion thee ar-rest, Ere the mor - row is be - gun.

**122** S. M. HOOKER, P. 44.

1 O Jesus, not for pride
Or selfishness we meet;
For prayer and praise we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

2 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy gracious presence feel!

4 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

---

**123** S. M. HOOKER, P. 44.

1 How serious is the charge
To train the infant mind;
'Tis God alone can give a heart
To such a work inclined.

2 May we in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn,
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3 While wicked men unite,
Our youth to lead aside;
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4 Dependent, Lord, on thee,
Our humble means to bless;
We gladly join our hearts and hands,
And look for large success.

---

**124** S. M. AUBURN, P. 52.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad, o'er all thou seest,
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

---

**125** S. M. FOREST, P. 32.

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure;
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

---

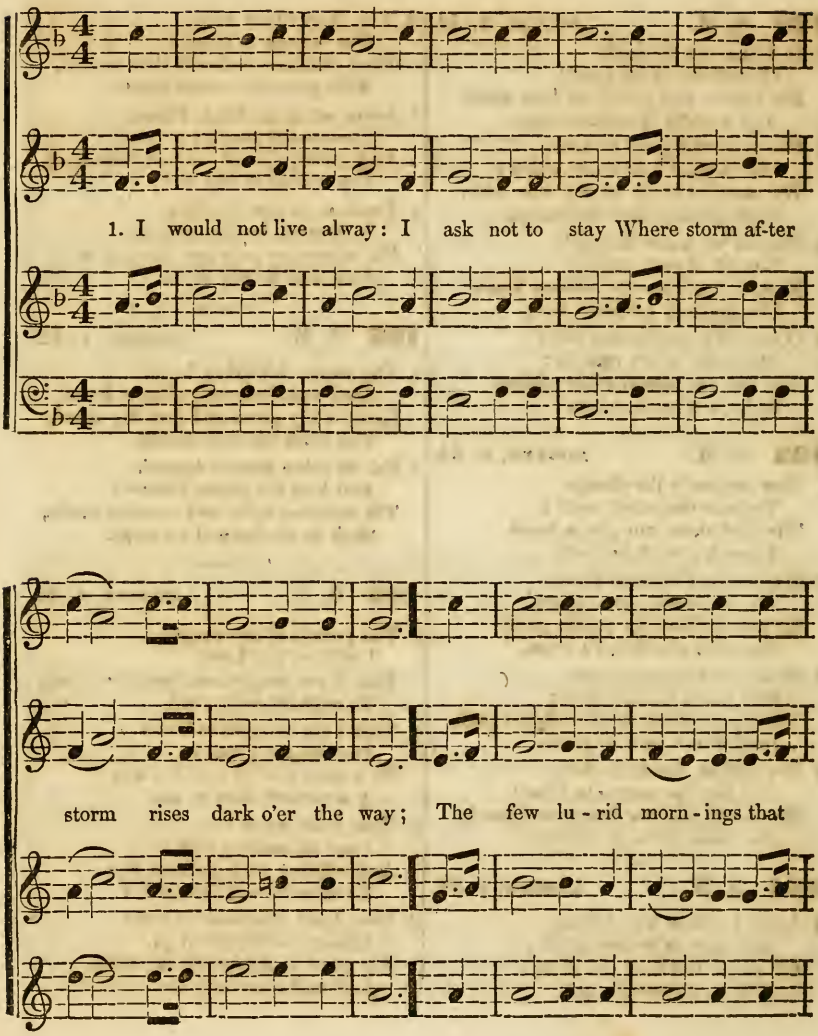
**126** S. M. FOREST, P. 32.

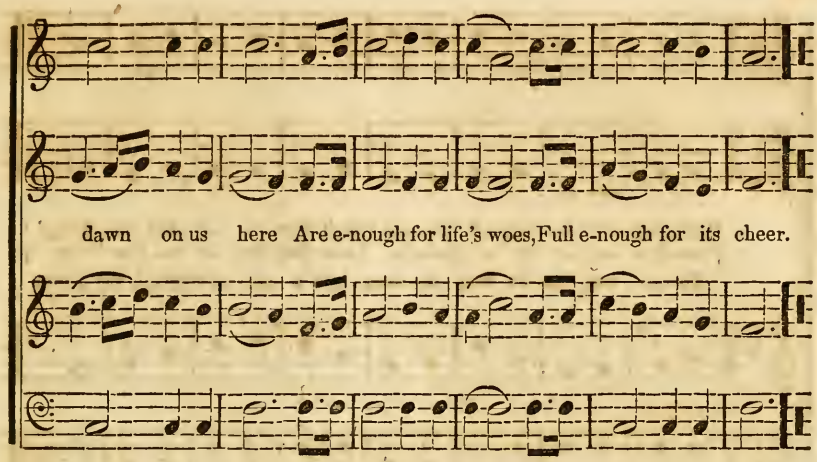
1 The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well:
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sins,
And make me holy too.


1. I would not live alway: I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter
storm rises dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings that




2 I would not live always, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live always; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bids me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live always away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

1. Hail, thou once de - spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, thou ev - er - last - ing King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By thy mer - its we find fa - vour, Life is giv - en through thy name.

D. C.

Hail, thou a - go - niz - ing Saviour! Bearer of our sin and shame;

D. C.

D. C.

D. C.

**128** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou everlasting King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
2 Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made with man and God.
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

---

**129** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now a grateful tribute raise;
Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.
2 Round Jehovah's footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend with contrite souls;
Here his milder grace revealing,
Here his wrath no thunder rolls.
3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin;
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within.
4 Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

**130** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green,
Then thy word our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,—
Help can only come from thee.
3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

---

**131** 8s & 7s. SICILIAN HYMN.

1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.
'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us, then, be early there.
2 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
Children, haste; the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

**132** S. M. BOYLSTON, P. 42.

1 Lord, in the days of youth,
May we in grace improve;
And learn the sacred word of truth,
The Saviour's dying love!

2 Our moments haste away,
With every heaving breath;
And swiftly hastens on the day,
When we must sink in death.

3 While some are never taught
The way of God with care;
We bless the Lord, that we are brought
To this thine house of prayer.

4 Thro' life's dark rugged road,
Thus far we're kept by thee;
May heaven at last be our abode,
Thy glory there to see!

---

**133** S. M. BOYLSTON, P. 42.

1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
We would that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!

4 Oh let us never tread
The sinner's dangerous road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

---

**134** S. M. OLMUTZ, P. 40.

1 Lord! I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean;
O write my name above!

---

**135** S. M. OLMUTZ, P. 40.

1 The pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will, to thine resigned,
God of all pow'r, impart.

2 Young though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong;
What is the life of man to thee?
The longest is not long.

3 A thousand years! a day!
Are equal in thy sight:
Our generations pass away,
Like watches in the night.

4 Lord, make us timely wise,
To know our call of grace,
And with the moment as it flies
Run our appointed race.

---

**136** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
Thy servants to that rest aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But every doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

4 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death and sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine?

**137** C. M. ROXBURY, P. 46.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

---

**138** C. M. ROXBURY, P. 46.

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to light:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

---

**139** C. M. ROXBURY, P. 46.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

3 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

---

**140** C. M. ROXBURY, P. 46.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

---

**141** C. M. ROXBURY, P. 46.

1 Hosannas were by children sung
When Jesus was on earth;
Then surely we are not too young
To sound his praises forth.

2 We thank him for his gracious word;
We thank him for his love;
We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
Who reigns in heaven above.

**142** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 God of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praise I'll raise on high,
And check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But Oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

---

**143** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy viet'ry too.

3 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

---

**144** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 On Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
His alter'd face resplendent shines;
And, while he elevates his hands,
Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes;
And, with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 Oh, that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distills—
I too may elevate my hands.

---

**145** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

**146** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 Our Father, here again we raise,
To thee our morning hymn of praise;
For all the joys thy smiles afford,—
This sacred day—thy holy word.

2 We thank thee, Father, that to thee
Again we bend the lowly knee:
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an almighty hand.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free;
Thy Sabbaths may we so improve,
At last to win our Father's love.

---

**147** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

---

**148** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 Return, O wanderer! now return!
And seek thine injured Father's face:
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! now return!
He hears thy deep, repentant sighs;
He hears thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer! now return!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer! now return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—"No longer mourn!"
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

---

**149** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 When of thine absence we complain,
And long, and weep, and humbly pray;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

4 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night,
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

5 Jesus, our God, descend and come;
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

**150** C. M. HEBER, P. 14.

1 How kind in all his works and ways
Must our Creator be;
We learn some lessons of his praise
From every thing we see.

2 The glorious sun that blazes high,
The moon more pale and dim,
With all the stars that fill the sky,
Are made and ruled by him.

3 And this vast world of ours below,
The water and the land,
And all the trees and flowers that grow,
Were fashioned by his hand.

4 Yes, and he formed our infant race,
And he is ever near
To those who early seek his face
By humble, earnest prayer.

---

**151** C. M. MITCHELL, P. 16.

1 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by heaven.

3 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 There's not a tempest, dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

**152** C. M. MITCHELL, P. 16.

1 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothes with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

---

**153** C. M. MILETUS, P. 24.

1 Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.

5 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

**154** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 Thou, whom high archangels praise,
Whose glory shines with brightest rays,
To thee our grateful hymns we tune,
For none can sing thy praise too soon.

2 Oh may thy grace be all our joy,
Let gratitude our tongues employ,
And lead young children, frail and weak,
Thy praise to sing, thy face to seek.

3 Deny us not our earnest prayer,
That we may all thy favour share;
Be led to each good work and word,
As faithful servants of the Lord.

4 And bless our teachers, parents, friends;
And grant, where'er thy name extends,
That heathen children, too, may bring
Their songs of praise to Israel's king.

---

**155** 8s & 7s. SICILIAN HYMN.

1 Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to thee;
In thy arms, O Lord, receive us,
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee:
Once by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy exalted Son to die,
From eternal death to save us;
Glory be to God on high!

---

**156** L. M. HAMBURG, P. 36.

1 Our Father, full of grace divine,
To thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kingdom come, thy glory shine,
And be thy will on earth obeyed.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do thou supply;
With gospel truths feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint or die.

3 Extend thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And let us free from evil live.

4 For thine's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits thy name;
Let every land thy grace adore,
And sound a long and loud Amen.

---

**157** S. M. HOOKER, P. 44.

1 Great God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

---

**158** 7s. LITTLE RAIN DROPS, P. 2.

1 Gracious God! to thee I pray,
Give me grace to pray aright;
Guide and bless me every day,
And defend me every night.

2 Let thy mercy, while I live,
Every needful want supply;
And thy blissful presence give,
To support me when I die.

**159** 7s. LITTLE RAIN DROPS, P. 2.

1 Teach me, Lord, thy name to know;
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
May I do thy will below
As thy will is done above.

2 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

---

**160** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright world above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obeyed;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

---

**161** 8s & 7s. SICILIAN HYMN.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above

---

**162** L. M. GERMANIA, P. 20.

1 I love to have the Sabbath come,
For then I rise and quit my home;
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my dearest teachers there.

2 'Tis there I'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard, and guide me still,
And help me to obey his will.

3 'Tis there I sing a Saviour's love,
Which brought him from his throne above,
And made him suffer, bleed, and die,
For sinful creatures, such as I.

4 From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face,
And gain from him supplies of grace.

5 And then, through life's remaining day,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness and the grace
That brought me to this sacred place.

---

**163** L. M. HEBRON, P. 38.

1 Thus far we're spared again to meet
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat;
To seek his face, to praise and pray,
And hail another Sabbath-day.

2 Let every tongue its silence break,
Let every tongue his goodness speak,
Who deigns his glory to display
On each returning Sabbath-day.

**164** 7s. LITTLE RAIN DROPS, P. 2.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

---

**165** C. M. MILETUS, P. 24.

1 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

---

**166** C. M. CREATION, P. 18.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may its precepts guide our youth,
And well support our age.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Lord, send thy word to every heart
By thine almighty voice:
Early from sin may we depart,
And make thy love our choice.

---

**167** L. M. LYNDEN, P. 48.

1 O thou that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

---

**168** S. M. FOREST, P. 32.

1 There is a land above,
All beautiful and bright,
And those who love and seek the Lord
Rise to that world of light.

2 There sin is known no more,
Nor tears, nor want, nor care;
There good and happy beings dwell,
And all are holy there.

**169** C. M. THOMPSON, P. 26.

1 'Tis Jesus speaks! I fold, says he,
These lambs within my breast:
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever bless'd.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine,
"O Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine."

---

**170** 8s & 7s. SICILIAN HYMN.

1 Hark! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us, then, be early there.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.

4 Children, haste; the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

**171** C. M. THOMPSON, P. 26.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side,—
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago, he filled his place,
And sat with us to learn:
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

---

**172** L. M. HAMBURG, P. 36.

1 A mourning class, a vacant seat,
Tell us that one we loved to meet
Will join our youthful throng no more,
Till all these changing scenes are o'er.

2 No more that voice we loved to hear
Shall fill his teacher's listening ear;
No more its tones shall join to swell
The songs that of a Saviour tell.

3 That welcome face, that sparkling eye,
And sprightly form, must buried lie;
Deep in the cold and silent gloom,
The rayless night that fills the tomb.

4 And we live on, but none can say
How near, or distant is the day
When death's unwelcome hand shall come
To lay us in our narrow home.

5 God tells us by this mournful death,
How vain and fleeting is our breath;
And bids our souls prepare to meet
The trial of his judgment-seat.

**173** C. M. MILETUS, P. 24.

1 There is a glorious world of light
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite and sing his praise.

3 These are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

---

**174** S. M. EOLA, P. 54.

1 Now we've assembled here,
To read, to learn, and pray;
Shed on us, mighty God, thy fear,
To keep us through the day.

2 Be vanity afar,
And every evil thought;
O let us think how blest we are,
In being rightly taught.

3 Nor let us lightly hold
The blessing that is given;
To learn that love that can't be told,
Which angels sing in heaven.

4 Impress upon our hearts,
Great Spirit, all we read;
And when all other stay departs,
This will be sweet indeed.

---

**175** C. M. LINWOOD, P. 22.

1 Now, children, to God's house repair,
And with the holy throng
O give your hearts to humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still;
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say,
You served your God for nought;
But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

---

**176** 7s. MARTYN, P. 30

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

**177** L. M. GERMANIA, P. 20.

1 Great God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adore through all our changing days.
4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Thy praises shall our lips employ
In the eternal world of joy.

---

**178** L. M. GREENWOOD, P. 50.

1 Thy kingdom come! thus day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?
2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.
3 Then all shall know and serve the Lord,
And walk according to his word;
His glory spread around shall be,
As waters cover o'er the sea.
4 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "God is love."

---

**179** 8s, 7s & 4s. PILGRIM, P. 4.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from Eastern coast to Western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their fearful darkness shine;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy name divine,
To the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Over all the earth be swayed.

---

**180** C. M. HEBER, P. 14

1 Father! with one accord we stand,
To bring thee of thine own;
And train a bright immortal band
To worship round thy throne.

2 Accept, Almighty Parent! these,
The children thou hast given;
And in thy sovereign favour make
These loved ones heirs of heaven.

3 There, ranked among the shining host,
May all before thee meet:
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our labours there complete.

**181** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we then our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

---

**182** 7s & 6s. MISSIONARY HYMN, P. 34.

1 To thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers
Who labour for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

---

**183** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy, and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.

3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain:
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth and when in heaven.

---

**184** L. M. HAMBURG, P. 36.

1 Great God, our feeble efforts own,
And crown our labours with success,
Grant that the seed in weakness sown,
May soon be raised in righteousness.

2 To these our pupils mercy show,
And let their souls before thee live;
For we may plant and water too,
But thou alone canst increase give.

3 Seal our instructions on each heart,
And teach them to observe thy ways;
Lead them to choose the better part,
And serve thee in their youthful days;

4 Then we and they, when time shall end
Shall joyful meet thee in the sky;
Before thy gracious footstool bend,
And praise thee to eternity.

**185** S. M. FOREST, P. 32.

1 What cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

---

**186** C. M. HEBER, P. 14.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

**187** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
Still to my Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

---

**188** 8s, 7s & 4s. GREENVILLE.

1 Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay;
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

**189** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Wafted o'er the breast of ocean,
Hark! a voice attracts the ear;
Hushed be every rude commotion;
Soft and low it murmurs near—
"Lo, we perish! ye can save,
Fearless venture o'er the wave."

2 Yes, ye heard it, sainted spirits,
Thron'd in radiance ever bright,
Where, exalted, each inherits
Glory in yon world of light;
Heard it, and obeyed the call;
Served your God, and left you all.

3 And ye hear it, ye who hasten
In the path by martyrs trod,
Human suffering to lessen,
Souls immortal bring to God:
Followers of your gracious Lord,
Mercy will your names record.

4 Who hears not the invitation,
"Come and help," from many a land?
Who would not proclaim salvation,
Fearless, at his Lord's command;
Making glad the wilderness
With his messages of peace?

5 Praise and blessing never ending,
Jesus to thy name be given:
Thou didst once, for man descending,
Leave the highest throne of heaven:
Souls by thee redeemed shall swell
Songs of love unspeakable.

---

**190** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee;
Can I, can I say, farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee;
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labour;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

---

**191** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**192** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Think, Oh ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish
They are warbling hymns above.

2 While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish
Enter not the world above.

---

**193** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above:
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

---

**194** 8s & 7s. ALLEN, P. 60.

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

---

**195** 8s & 7s. SICILIAN HYMN.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies;
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear! O hear the wondrous story,
Which they chant in songs of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God on high!

2 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, God's own Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

3 "Hasten mortals to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven, ye sing before him,
Glory be to God on high!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

**196** 8s, 7s & 4s. CHARLOTTE, P. 6.

1 Holy Father! let thy blessing,
Peace, and comfort, from above,
Rest upon us here confessing
All our sins against thy love:
O forgive us;
Pardon us for Jesus' sake.

2 Young in years, but old in sinning,
We have all deserved thy wrath;
Lord, direct us, while beginning,
Now to walk in wisdom's path:
O direct us,
In the way that leads to Thee.

3 For our sin and guilt lamenting,
Let us bow before thy face;
O! behold the souls repenting;
Look, and give thy saving grace.
O receive us,
Freely, for the Saviour's sake.

4 Then with joyful adoration,
We will lift our heart and voice;
While beholding thy salvation,
Saints and angels will rejoice;
Hear us, Father,
In the great Redeemer's name.

---

**197** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 Guide our youth, O God, we pray,
Lead us in thy holy way,
And may all our lives be passed
As we'd wish them at the last.

2 Smile on those whose time and care,
Give us our instruction here;
Let our conduct ever prove
Gratitude for all their love.

3 Father, teach us while we live
Ev'ry day our thanks to give;
Then with those we here have known
Join in praise around thy throne.

**198** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 See the lovely, blooming flower,
Fade and wither in an hour;
So our transient comforts fly,
Pleasure only blooms to die.

2 See the leaves are falling fast,
Scatter'd by the wintry blast;
So our youthful pleasures fade,
Cares will soon our breasts invade.

3 Time is passing swift away,
Earthly joys will soon decay,
May we have, prepared on high,
Pleasures that will never die.

---

**199** 7s. ELIOT, P. 12.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight,
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labour, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

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1 Teach me, Lord, thy name to know,
Teach me, Lord, thy name to love;
May I do thy will below
As thy will is done above.

2 When I go to rest at night,
O'er me watch and near me stay;
And when morning brings the light,
May I wake to praise and pray.

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